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THE NEW BLADE Sewing Machine

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Poetry.

WHEN REUBEN WAS MY BEAU.

(An Idyl of Thanksgiving.)

I.

Yes, I was but a little tot of fifteen years or so,
A rosy, romping country girl, and Reuben was my beau;—
My first and only sweetheart, whose father's farm and ours
Shook hands across a shady lane between two fields of flowers;—
And we were wayward as the wind that wandered over the wild,
For Reuben was an only son and I an only child,—
And our tenant spirits twinkled with a temper so intense
We were ever quick to quarrel, as a natural consequence;
We wrangled every morning on the road to school, and then
At evening by the pasture bars we made it up again;—
O the skies were bright as banners spread above us, long ago,
And everything was beautiful when Reuben was my beau.

II.

The summers watted o'er the hills like strains of music blown
From fairy lips in fairy lands, and all the world was sown
With syllables of laughter, intermingled everywhere
With the trill of birds and fluttering of pinions down the air;
The nights were soft and starry as the dreams that drifted through
The gateways of my girlish heart when loving yet was new,—
When life was so enchanting, so entrancing to my eyes,
I saw no shadow on the earth, no cloud in all the sky;
My hopes were as the morning, ere the dew was kissed away,
Nor any trace of trouble ever darkened on my day;
One thought alone possessed my heart, wherever I might go,
One sweet, delicious dream of love, when Reuben was my beau.

III.

And so the rosy months ran by, until a dreadful day—
Broke on the world, and all the gold of life was turned to gray;—
A dull Thanksgiving morning laid its dim light at our door,
When Reuben came up, glowing, in a garb unworn before,
With strange bright buttons on his breast, like little moons and stars,
While at his shoulders and his wrists were braided bands and bars,
And all his form, from head to foot, was clad in deepest blue—
Ah, me! I sighed, and shivered there in silence, for I knew
The breath of war had wooed him, as the bravest then were wooed,
And had fanned to flame the fervor of his hot heroic blood—
A clasp of hand—a clinging kiss—and then a night of woe
Fell on me, like the wing of death, for Reuben was my beau.

IV.

The years are many since that morn, and I am growing gray,
For me the bells are welcoming their last Thanksgiving day;
The fire is dim within my breast has almost ceased to burn,
And I shall never live to see the dreary day returns;
The rain is falling on the fields—the dull November rain—
And on a martyr's nameless grave, where all my hopes are lain:
Far, far from here, in some strange land, beneath the Southern pine,
They laid the ashes that were his—the dead heart that was mine—
The shady lane still runs between his father's farm and ours,
But the hedgerow fell against the winds, and vanished are the flowers;
Sometimes I drive the cows home from the pasture-bars below,
And linger in the dear old days, when Reuben was my beau.

—[James Newton Matthews.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

1622.

"And now," said the Governor gazing abroad
On the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and
covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of
the gift of this;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be
thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore I, William Bradford (by the
grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth say,—
Through virtue of vested power,—ye shall
gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and
the pestilence we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept
him from doing us wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be
bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit, who maketh the harvests grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there
is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour
for spoil the seas;
And maiden and dames of Plymouth, your
delicate viands employ
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make
it a feast of joy."

At length came the day appointed. The snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house bell-fry rang merrily on for all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in turn their way;
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of garden and woods and waves,
And looked on the graniaried harvest,—with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves, His white children best."

And then, as the feast was ended, with ceremonious official air
The Governor drew his broadsword out from its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,
"Hail, Pie of the Pumpkin, I dub thee Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

—[Margaret J. Preston.

Miscellany.

Marshall Wilder's Jests.

War Stories by Old Vets—Fun on a Railway Trip—An Affectionate Husband—The Newboys' Bad Conundrum.

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If a man is railroading, steamboating, and staging about a country, and longing for somebody to talk to, he finds himself in luck when he drops upon two or three veterans who are swapping war stories. I've heard these war stories called chestnuts, but I never heard the same yarn twice, and from the number which each survivor seems to have brought home in his mental knapsack, I don't see any need for a soldier to tell any story more than once.

A couple of "vets," just returning from a G. A. R. reunion, staged with me from a railroad station to a little town a few miles back, and both were loaded to the muzzle with war stories. They weren't entirely empty, either, of the concentrated extract of Kentucky ryefields, and they finally fell to talking of the difficulties there used to be in the army to get anything liquid to float a jollification along. One told of the company of pickets who traded coffee for apple-jack, which they brought into camp in their gun-barrels. This reminded the other of the colonel of the cavalry regiment which got drunk in camp after returning from a scouting trip which took in a distillery. Their canteens were inspected just before entering camp, but they had expected this, and filled their scabbards instead. Then the first one said:

"That's nothing to Jim Whilliger's little trick. Jim was a cavalryman and had a very fine horse, but provender was awful scarce just then, for some reason; all the horses in the regiment were awful thin, and there was no hay or oats in the God-forsaken corner of the South where the regiment was. Jim used to spend an hour or two a day pulling dry grass in a weedy old field, all for his darling horse, so one day when he asked the captain whether he couldn't order a bale of hay from the North, from his brother, who was in the feed business, the captain said 'Of course.'

"Down came the hay in a few days, express prepaid, and Jim took it into his own hut and watched it as if it was pie. He said he'd trust the boys with anything else he owned, but he wasn't going to trust his horse's food to anybody. Next morning Jim didn't answer to roll-call; neither did his chum, who lived in the hut with him. The orderly sergeant went into the hut and shook 'em, but 'twas no go—they were as drunk as tramps on election night; and each lay buried in the hay, which had been unbaled. Jim sobered enough to feed his horse, but next morning he was drunk again. Everybody wanted to know where he got his liquor, so they could go and do likewise, and when he wouldn't tell, they got mad and began to spy on him. They didn't find out, though, and at last Jim got so uproarious that the captain called him up, read him a moral lecture, threatened to court martial him and wouldn't do anything to make it easy unless he would tell where he got his liquor. Then Jim weakened and owned up that he'd got his brother in New York to fix up that bale of hay for him, and put a ten gallon keg of whisky in the middle."

"Well, what came of it all?"

"Oh, the captain ordered a bale just like it—for himself."

For downright amusement during a railway trip, one bright child is worth more than a card table of good fellows and jokes. The youngster never does anything like grown people. He does not put his feet on the back of the seat in front of him, or drop tobacco-juice on the floor, or perfume the air with alcohol, or open a car window when you want it shut, or shut it when you want it open. He doesn't swear at the road, or the restaurants, or the time-table, or anything else, still, there are exceptions. On the only passenger car on a mixed train in Pennsylvania I met one of the handsomest two-year olds I ever saw, and he chatted with me till I became pretty well acquainted with him and his mother, who naturally joined with me in thinking her son the finest child ever born. He really did have an angelic face, it was beautiful and pure. Near us sat some fellows who were talking politics, and the only argument one of them offered was, "Oh, the devil!" which he repeated again and again. As the little mother and I talked, the child played with some marbles, but his lap hadn't the right slope for that kind of work, and several times he dropped the marbles. Each time he picked them up, but finally lost his patience, and those cherubic lips parted and shocked his mother and me with,

"Oh, de debbil!"

Coming down the Central road a few days ago a trio of family men who saw "coming events cast their shadows before," began to ask points of each other about Christmas presents, and then the conversation turned upon men who are mean even in their present giving. One fellow told of the minister who was given a purse on Christmas on condition that he should present the contents to the church debt fund; another gave the story of the man who gave his little boy a quarter Christmas night, stole it back before morning, and then spanked the youngster for losing the money. The third man came out of a brown study and said:

"That's nothin' to Bill Batch's little game. Bill was a sentimental cuss in his talk, an' could look as big-eyed and melancholy as a canal-hoss when there ain't no oats to be had, so women thought he was lovely, an' he married the finest gal in our township. One of her folks left her some money, an' Bill run through it 'fore she could buy as much as a calico dress for herself. After they'd been married a year or two her father died and left her the farm, but Bill run through that too in the course of time, for he never done no work but write po'try and hold up the bar of the saloon. One day his wife's birthday came 'round, an' ther' wa'nt much in the house to eat, an' she was hackin' her life out with a cough that took her off a spell later. Well, 'fore Bill slid out of the house for the saloon he give one of the young uns a letter to give to the mother, an' this was in it:

MY DARLING WIFE:—I congratulate you on the return of your natal morn. May the sun no day forget to shine except upon you, and may nature be one grand, exultant smile over the sweetest specimen of her handiwork.

As a slight token of my affection I present you $100; I enclose you $1 of it and will hand you the rest when times are better.

Your loving
WILLIAM.

"Well, I'll be blanked!" exclaimed one of the listeners, "What did she buy with the dollar?"

"Nothin'; Bill forgot to enclose it."

Hurrying toward the ferry one night, after giving some recitations in Williamsburg, I was stopped by a small boy with one dirty newspaper under his arm. For once in my life I had a chance to feel big, for that boy was a mere mite. As I looked at him I began to feel as I suppose old Goliath felt when he looked at David and before he realized that a boy with a sling can do more damage than an army with banners. The child had legs like pipe stems, a face like a dirty doll and fingers like the claws of a hawk.

"Mister," said he, waving his single paper before me, "wot's the diff'rence 'tween you an' me?"

As I hadn't my guessing cap on, I gave it up.

"'Cause," said he, with another wave of the paper, and passing one hand along the front of my dress suit, "you're pooty well stocked out in clothes, an' I'm pooty well closed out o' stock."

So I had to buy the paper.

Merrily yours,
MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Asking a Favor.

Auntie Bunsby—"Be you th' postmaster?"

Mr. Van Cott—"I am."

Auntie Bunsby—"Here's a letter t' my darter in Philydelphy. When you git over there t-day, an' hand it t' her, tell her I'm comin' nex' week. I forgot to write it, an' hate t' tear the envelope."—[Judge.

What He Did Not Expect.

There is a delicious story told, says a writer in the London *Standard*, of an old minister of the Church of Scotland, who was often obliged to employ assistants during the latter part of his life. One of these was rather vain of his qualifications as a preacher, but affected to be quite embarrassed by any compliment he received on that score. On his first appearance after the sermon the old divine went up to the probationer, and was going to shake hands with him. Anticipating nothing short of high flown praise, the young man exclaimed, "My good sir, no compliments, I beg!" "Na, na," replied the parson, "nowadays I'm glad o' anybody."

The Unpardonable Affront.

There is no injury that may not be forgiven: but a slight, never. The one is directed against our interest, our character, our very lives; the other is aimed at our vanity.—[Kake Field's Washington.

Going at Full Speed.

With the Proper Inspiration Engineers' Tongues Can Give Points on Speed to the Fast Mail—Warping Trains Over Hills.

"Don't take much coal to run a machine nowadays," said Panhandle Dan, partly to himself and partly to "the gang" in the round-house, after studying intently a blue print upon the grimy bulletin board, upon which was set forth the number of pounds and decimals of a pound of coal burned per mile run by each engine on this division in the month of July.

"Git so by-and-by," he continued, after a final scrutiny of the blue print, "that a few matches and the glow of the engineer's nose will make steam enough to take a train over a division."

"It's a sin the way these fellers waste good cash testin' fuel savin' devices," argued The Corpse. "What they spend in experiments would pay every one of us 10 cents a mile and have money left. And these schemes to save coal don't amount to anything; I've tried it myself."

"You?" exclaimed the gang in chorus.

"Yes, me," returned The Corpse. "I've got my patent to show for it over at the boarding-house, too. Now, I knowed that with the powerful draught of a locomotive a big percentage of the coal goes out through the stack in gas and half burned

"DON'T TAKE MUCH COAL NOWADAYS."

cinders and is wasted, so I goes to work to figger out how to stop that waste at the front end. It didn't take long, and it was the simplest thing in the world. I laid my plan before the master mechanic and he equipped an engine with one of my patents right off. All we did was to extend the smokestack by means of a couple of elbows back over the boiler, down through the roof of the cab and into the fire-box again. According to my theory all you had to do was to put in a fire and the smoke would jest keep a-goin' and a-goin' through that circuit until it was all consumed."

"And did it work that way?"

"Worked too well. When we got the darned thing started once we could never git her stopped, so's to cool her off for washing out and repairs. One fire kept that engine redhot until she jest wore out and went to pieces like the one-hoss shay."

Intense silence reigned for two minutes. Then Rainbow Chase, deciding, after mental calculation, that there was no possible chance of borrowing a chew of tobacco from Panhandle Dan, remarked:

"Arizona's the place to save fuel. Down there on the N. G. in that sand the sun shines hot enough to keep an engine a sizzin' all day without using a shovelful of coal."

"Do you mean to say they run engines on sunshine down there?" interrupted Innocent Dongherty.

"Well, I should say—a—er—yes, they could run stationary engines that way, but the N. G. road is so blamed crooked that it keeps the engines dodging about so much the sunshine can't strike 'em more'n half the time. Why, there's one piece of track so crooked that it can't lay still. Sectionmen have to stand on the ends of the ties to hold it steady so's trains can pass over it."

"Gentlemen," spoke up Truthful Sam Adams, "I want to go on record as holding that economy is not only mighty impressive.

THE GANG IN ITS GLORY.

convenient for them as has to practice it, but it is a mockery and a delusion on general principles; I've had some experience. When I was a young runner I was pulling freight out in Nebaaska. One day I had a full train and a raw fireman and the natural result of the combination was that we stuck on the first big hill we came to. I made 'em my remarks and then tried to slack 'em over, but it was no go. I hated to double, for it was four miles and over another hill to a side track, so I leaned back and thought awhile.

"There was a farmer distributing green cottonwood lumber for a fence along the top of the cut, so as soon as he was out of sight I sent the fireman up after a board and the brakeman back to the way car for the switch rope. You all know what stuff to warp green cottonwood is. Well, we laid that board down lengthwise between the rails, hitched the switchrope on one end of it, and then to the pilot drawbar, and waited. In about two minutes the sun began to get in its work on that board, and she started to curl up. It took the slack out of that switchrope, and then the train began to come; it had to.

"Gentlemen, in five minutes more we'd warped that train up to the top of the hill without touching the throttle or pulling a pin, saving an hour's time and half a tank of coal."

"That was a great scheme, wasn't it?" said Innocent Dougherty, admiringly.

"O, I don't know. A cloud came over the sun just as we got to the top of the hill, giving us a splendid chance to cut loose from that board. We tossed it to one side, and were just pulling out, when the sun jumped out from behind that cloud. That board gave a flop the other way and doubled up, knocking the whole bloomin' train into the ditch, just like you've seen a whale in the pictures throw a ship's mast with its rail. Killed the fireman and two brakemen, crippled the conductor for life, and scattered my lunch in the dirt and cinders."

"That was pretty tough."

"Yes, I had a piece of cherry pie that day made of cherries that I sent clear to Chicago for. Cost me a dollar express charges. There ain't nothing nicer than a piece of cherry pie unless it's two pieces of cherry pie. Have the cherries good and ripe and put in plenty of sugar——"

"Any you gentlemen know Garnie Shea?" queried Panhandle Dan. "No? Garnie went down to Texas about 'steen years ago to take an engine on the Waydown & Bangup. Have nigger brakemen and firemen down there altogether, you know. The nigger they put on with Garnie was a great, strappin' sassy buck that thought he knowed more'n the man that invented railroads. Used to tell Garnie how to work his engine, how much throttle and how much quadrant he ought to give her, and so on. Well, naturally, sassy Garnie was a little high-spirited, they didn't get along first-class; they quarreled like married folks, and kept an eye on each other all the time for fear of gettin' slugged.

"One day they was bowlin' along over the prairie when a thunder storm commenced gatherin' over 'em. Garnie and his nigger was each lollin' out of his winder watchin' the clouds when there came an awful clap of thunder, and a bolt of lightning struck the engine, paralyzing them both for about two minutes. They both come to at the same time and each thought the other befted him with the coupleck when he wasn't lookin'. 'Course it made 'em both awful mad to think they had been taken advantage of, so Garnie grabbed a soft hammer, the nigger took the monkeywrench, and they went at it, and they didn't stop until the nigger was too dead to fight any longer.

"Garnie wasn't used to livin' in the South and he felt worried about that nigger, so he jest opened the door and chucks him into the fire box. Garnie went right along with his train thinkin' he'd call over a brakeman to fire her in as soon's as he could fix up a story to account for that coon. But the old mill kept runnin' along and seemed to keep hot, so he didn't do anything.

"Gentlemen, he was about forty miles from the end of his run when this happened, and he took his train in without puttin' in another fire. That nigger made steam equal to half a tank of coal. Garnie was a curious sort of chap, always trying some project or other, so he thought he'd experiment a little. So as soon as he got out o' sight of town the next day he coaxed his new fireman into the fire box, and when he'd burned low he called over the head brakeman and chucked him in, and then after awhile the head brakeman. He found after thorough trials that three good, fat niggers would take a full train over the division in fine shape, equal to three tanks of coal in fact, besides steamin' steadier and bein' easier on the engine. He was feelin' real good over his discovery until the officials noticed there wasn't any coal tickets comin' in for his engine and started an investigation."

"Did they hang him or send him up for life?" inquired the horror-stricken corpse.

"Hang who? Garnie Shea? Huh! While the officials of the Waydown & Bangup were considering whether to discharge Garnie or make him vice president of the road some of them Southern gentlemen got on to what he'd been doin' and elected him to Congress on the spot."

"Gentlemen," said Rainbow Chase, getting down off the pilot on which he had been sitting, and dusting his clothes with the palm of his hand, "I think I heard the bell ringing for supper over at Codfish Campbell's."—[Chicago Tribune.

SURPRISED THE DEALER.

How Did the Chickens Come to Life Again?

"How do you sell these chickens—live weight?" asked the man with the twinkle in his eye, putting his hand on a fowl which had its throat cut and its feathers plucked and was apparently as dead as a chicken can be.

"Haven't any live chickens, sir," replied the marketman.

"Why, what do you call this?" As he spoke a low, dolorous squawk came from the bench where the chickens lay.

The marketman started and turned a little pale. "W-what's that?" he gasped.

"I say," repeated the other, "you don't call this a dead chicken, do you? Hear that." And again came the squawk.

The marketman fairly trembled. "I—I," he began, and then, as the squawk was repeated, he stood motionless, unable to say a word.

"Strikes me it's rather cruel to pull off a live chicken's feathers and leave it lying about in this way," continued the other. "I suppose you have to do it to assure your customers that the fowls are fresh. But you'd better not let the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals catch you at it."

"I thought it was dead; honest I did!" cried the marketman. "I bought it for a dead chicken. Why, I wouldn't have had this happen for anything. Suppose there had been a lady in here? She'd have fainted away."

"Oh, you thought it was dead, did you? I'm not so sure about that. On the whole, I don't know but it's my duty to report you to the S. P. C. A."

"Please don't sir; please don't! I'll kill the chicken myself and you can have it for nothing if you won't say anything about it."

"Oh, I'm not to be bribed; but as it may not be your fault I'll let you off if, as you say, you'll cut the poor chicken's head off and draw it, and while you're about it you'd better make sure that these other chickens are dead by treating them in the same way. I don't care if you send one of them to my house when you've killed and drawn them."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; I will!" exclaimed the marketman, eagerly.

"The wise looking man walked out, smiling softly to himself.

"That's a trick that everybody doesn't know," he said.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Why, its simple enough. You can make any dead chicken squawk by pressing its breastbone just right; that is, if it hasn't been dead too long. I suppose the movement forces the air out of its lungs in such a way as to produce the noise. I startled that fellow a little, but if I've scared him into selling drawn fowls I've done a good thing for the health of his customers.—[Buffalo Express.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Tragedy.

He—Why are you so sad, darling?

She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening we could be together till to-morrow.—[Life.

A Telling Compliment.

DeGarry—Why were you so particular to praise her new hat?

Merritt—I learned from her little brother that she trimmed it herself—[The Epoch.

Out-Heroded Hero.

"There's a man in Baltimore who is the lucky possessor of Benjamin Franklin's watch."

"That's nothing. I know a man who has Adam's apple."—[Jewelers' Circular.

She Wondered.

Maud—Do you play chess, Mr. Lingard?

Mr. Lingard—No; what made you think I did?

Maud—Nothing; only it seems to take you forever to make a move.—[Puck.

A Young Diplomate.

Mrs. Brown—I'm afraid to let you have a bicycle, Johnnie—Don't feel that way, ma. Even if it did kill, remember that it would be the last thing I ever asked for.—[The Epoch.

One Testimonial.

Mr. Mercer—Do you think advertising pays?

Mr. Mercer—It didn't pay me; I lost money by it.

Mr. Mercer—What did you advertise?

Mr. Mercer—I advertised for a wife and got her.—[Puck.

A Matter of Honor.

Tramp—"Here's twenty-five cents. I want ter pay it to you fer that free lunch, ahd then you throw in five glasses o' beer. See?"

Bar-Tender—"Twenty-five cents will buy the beer. The lunch is free you know."

"I don't want 'er that way. I want ter pay a quarter fer the lunch and git the beer free. See?"

"It's all one either way. What difference does it make?"

"It's a matter 'o personal honor sir. I promised th' ole lady wot give me the quarter that I'd spend it fer something to eat. See?"—[New York Weekly.

An Insulted Alderman.

Contractor—"Did you offer that Alderman $500, as I directed?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir."

"How did he act?"

"He looked insulted."

"What did he say?"

"He said I ought to be in the penitentiary."

"What did he do?"

"He took the money."—[New York Weekly.

Rather Stale Bread.

Mrs. Slimdiet—"The boarders are coming in. Cut the bread Matilda."

Miss Slimdiet—Ma, I saw in a society paper to-day that bread should be broken, not cut."

Mrs. Slimdiet—"That's the style now, eh? Very well Where's the ax?"—[Good News.

Feed and Fed.

Teacher—"What tense is feed?"

Boy—"Present tense."

Teacher—"What tense is fed?"

Boy—"Past tense."

Teacher—"Correct. Give an example."

Boy—After the man feed the waiter he got fed."—[Good News.

BILLY FLORENCE'S JOKES.

The One in Which Adelaide Neilson's Husband Figured.

There are men yet young in New York City who, if they never had seen Florence on or off the stage, have not forgotten the way the jolly joker made the town talk for many a day of Adelaide Neilson's husband, Lee.

Lee's idea of America before he stepped ashore was pretty aboriginal. Lee and Florence became acquainted, and if Lee never heard much before that was "reliable" concerning the bloodthirsty character of the average American, he heard all about it from Florence.

Among other things, Florence told him of a dinner at the mayor's house in Albany, "the capital city of the greatest state in the union, mind you," where a little dispute came to an end by the mayor, city treasurer, the chaplain of the capitol and "the mayor's only daughter, who was to have been married the next day to a man with an income of $5,000 a day payable in advance every other day," being carried out dead—riddled with bullets.

Thus knowledge-stricken as to American life, Lee was one day invited by Florence, backed by Sothern, Dan Bryant, Neise Seymour and ten other "gentlemen of the profession," to a dinner at Delmonico's.

It was in a private dining-room, and they do say that the menu was princely. Lee never felt happier in his life, and he drank right royally of the champagne. Everything went well till near the midnight hour. Then words began to flow hotly, and finally Sothern said something to Florence, and Dan Bryant something to Seymour, that was insulting. It took Lee a week's full rest in bed to describe intelligently the result.

To the best of his recollection, the words "liar," "cut-throat," "scalawag," "coward," and a few other choice ones, flew like wildfire all around Lee's ears, and to his horror every man but himself drew a revolver, and not only that, but Florence and Sothern and Bryant had a bowie knife raised in their left hands.

The Climax Something Terrible.

The tall Seymour, with a bowie in each hand, and one clutched by the handle between his teeth, sprang upon the table, deliberately straddled it with his phenomenally long legs, and went down with a crash of the dishes (cheap and paid for in advance) that resounded like an earthquake. Meanwhile the gas lights began to grow dim, and amid the flash of glittering blades guests fell under the table groaning in agony. The last words poor Lee heard, as he dragged himself, weak and trembling, to the door, from under the overturned chairs, was a guttural sound from Florence, which said:

"I've killed three of 'em, anyhow. Dan, bury me with my boots, as I've worn 'em only one day, and they aint paid for yet."

How Lee ever got out of that room he did not know, but the doctors brought him to all right the next day, and it took him a week to learn that the banqueters were not in their graves, and that he had been sold.

AN OLD TEA LEGEND.

The Origin of the Herb as It Is Told by the Japanese.

According to a Japanese legend the orgin of tea is thus traced: An Indian prince named Darma, of a holy and religious character, visited China in the year 516 A. D. for the purpose of instructing the Celestials in the duties of religion. He led a most abstemious life and denied himself all rest or relaxation of body and mind. At last thru nature revolted against such treatment, and, thoroughly exhausted, the prince fell asleep. When he awoke he was so mortified at his weakness that, to order to purge himself of what he considered an almost unpardonable sin, he cut off his eyebrows, considering them the instruments of this crime.

They fell upon the ground and each individual hair became transformed into a shrub, which eventually came to be known by the name of tea. Prior to that time it had been unknown; but Darma quickly discovered the agreeable property of its leaves, which endowed his mind with fresh powers to master abstruse religious principles, and prevented sleep from closing his eyes at opportune moments. He recommended its virtues to his disciples, who, in turn, sang its praises to all whom they met. In a very short time its use became general throughout the Celestial Kingdom, from which it gradually extended to all parts of the earth. Darma's memory is perpetuated in Chinese and Japanese drawings by the representation of a rude figure of an old man standing in the water with a reed under his feet, and one of his eyebrows sprouting out into a tea leaf.

In connection with the introduction of tea into England a very amusing story is told of a certain tilled woman who presented with a pound of the finest green tea. She had no idea of its proper preparation, and consequently boiled the entire quantity, and served it up with melted butter as an accompaniment to a roast of beef. She was not pleased with its appearance and gravely informed her guests that, although it had been cooked for several hours, it was simply impossible "to make those foreign greens tender."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Boston Modesty.

Ethel—Why are you so abashed in the presence of Mr. Plumb?

Maud—I talked with him over the telephone the other night *en dishabille*.—[N. Y. Herald.

Now Wish They Had Gone.

In England a rich man died recently, and 400 invitations were issued to his "intimate friends" to attend his funeral. Only twenty-nine came. Eight days afterward these twenty-nine, faithful till death, received a letter to call on the deceased's lawyer. They did so, and each received, according to his will, 320 pounds sterling if a lady, and 200 pounds sterling if a gentleman. The testator further directed that the names of those who received his bequests should be published in the journals to punish those who had not put themselves out of their way to attend his funeral.

An Egg That Evokes Rare Humor.

Will wonders never cease? This is about the twelfth time that we have chronicled strange eggs, but this is an eggs-traordinary town, says the Crawfordsville, Ga., *Democrat*. We were shown an egg last Wednesday, taken from the hennery of Mr. W. J. Norton, that takes the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery. It was two medium-sized eggs joined by a tube about the size of a lead-pencil and two inches in length. It resembled a dumb-bell, and was, no doubt, intended for the hens to develop their muscles with.

Rough on the Czar.

Snooks—They say the Czar will not allow anybody to speak to him, and he even snubbed the Emperor of Germany.

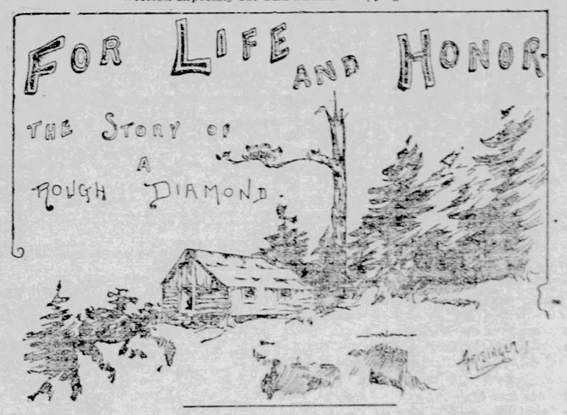
Sturtevant Van Rensellaer—I don't see what excuse he has for supercilliousness. He is not related to any of the old Knicker bocker families of New York, is he?—[Siftings.

A Volume in a Word.

Friend—"What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer, Miss Catchem (innocently)—"Which one?"—[New York Weekly.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1891.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STORY OF IRMA.

The next day was so filled with duties that Harry had hardly time to realize the bliss that had suddenly come to him. He did not leave the house, however, in the morning to accompany his father—who had several appointments with different persons concerning the defense of George Tempest—until he had a brief interview, a precious five minutes, with his little sweetheart. Then he started off gally by his father's side, humming a lively tune. The colonel stalked onward for some minutes, when he turned to Harry with the remark, in a surprised tone:

"It seems to me, Harry considering the gravity of the circumstances with which we are surrounded, that you exhibit a somewhat unseemingly spirit of levity."

"I must confess, father," replied Harry promptly, "that I am extremely happy this morning."

The colonel surveyed him with an astonished air. "And, pray, what may be the secret of your happiness? For myself, I am much concerned at the grave situation in which George Tempest finds himself, and I can imagine no particular circumstances which would lead you to feel such a degree of happiness as that of which you speak."

"That is because you are an elderly gentleman, father."

"You speak in riddles, Harry. What causes this outburst of happiness?"

Harry's resolution to inform his father at once of his engagement to Rill faltered for the moment. Then he rallied, and turning bravely to the colonel, said:

"The fact is, father, I am happy this morning because I am—in love."

"In love! I infer, then, that your wooing has been successful?"

"Yes, sir; I am happy to say that it has."

"And, pray, who may the young lady be? You must have been remarkably sly with your love making. I have never observed the slightest evidence of it in your conduct. Who is the fair one?"

"It is Rill, father," said Harry, quaking.

"Rill!!" shouted the colonel, stopping in his walk and turning squarely upon his son. "You are carrying the jest too far, Harry!"

"I am not jesting, father."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you have been in earnest in all your gabble about happiness, and love, and such rubbish!"

"I was never more in earnest in my life, father. I am sorry that you think that I would jestingly bring any young lady's name into this conversation."

"And you really mean to tell me, Harry, that you have actually proposed to Rill?"

"Yes, sir; and that she has accepted me."

"Why, she's nothing but a child, Harry."

"She is in her eighteenth year, sir."

"Nonsense, Harry; she is not old enough to know her own mind. A mere child, a little school-girl!"

"Father, how old was my mother when you and she were married?"

"That has nothing at all to do with the question, sir! Nothing at all, sir!"

"Please answer my question, father."

"Why—she was in her twentieth year, sir; and let me say to you, Harry, that two years make a very great difference with a lady at that period of her life."

"Very probably, sir. I have no doubt but that you are perfectly right. But I have often heard mamma say that your engagement lasted over two years."

"Well, sir, so it did."

"Excuse me, father, but if you will think a moment you will see that Rill is quite as old as my mother was when you and she were engaged."

The colonel turned without a word and started onward. Harry dutifully kept his place at his side. The two went along in silence for some minutes. Then the colonel spoke again:

"How long has this love-making been going on, sir?"

"That is hard to say, father. So far as I am concerned, it has been a matter of growth. One day I found that I loved Rill dearly, and I must say that the passion has kept on increasing ever since."

"And you expect to marry this little girl?"

"I hope to do so, sir. Do you know of any reason why I should not?"

The colonel walked along for several minutes without making any reply. Then stopping, he turned suddenly on his son and said:

"Harry, I will confess that at first I was very much vexed—very much, indeed. In point of fact, I looked for you to make a brilliant match. But Rill is a darling, sweet, little girl, and I might as well say nothing about it, for I know that you have enough of you father's disposition to marry her, whether I object or not. I suppose that you have not gone so far as to fix a date for the wedding?"

"Oh, no, father, nothing of the sort. We have merely come to an understanding."

"Then, my boy, don't be in a hurry. A two years' engagement will do you no harm. Let Rill get through with her education, by all means."

"I don't know how to thank you, father," began Harry, but he was cut short by the colonel, who exclaimed authoritatively:

"Not another word on this subject, Harry—not another word. I should have been much happier had there been no foolish opposition to my own marriage. Whatever I might have wished for you, let that pass. You made a choice for happiness; that is evident. And, after, all, my boy, if you are really and truly happy in your domestic relations, all else counts as naught."

Here the colonel and Harry parted, as Harry was going direct to the jail to visit George, while his father called upon his lawyer. He shook Harry warmly by the hand, gave him a kind message for the prisoner, and was gone.

Harry found George seated moodily in his cell over his untasted breakfast. He gave him the many loving messages of which he was the bearer from every member of the family, and cheered him up so effectually that, finally, he made a hearty meal, and after a visit of three-quarters of an hour, left him, making an appointment for that afternoon to call with Detective Tipton, who proposed going directly to Rosita and beginning work in unraveling the mystery of the murder.

It was decided by the authorities that George should be taken to Rosita on the next day. Tipton desired to leave on the evening train, so as to be on hand and get whatever evidence he could ready for the preliminary investigation, and if possible avoid the necessity of awaiting the action of the grand jury, by bringing enough evidence to acquit George of the charge at once.

He made this statement to the young man when he and Harry called at the jail, immediately after dinner. George smiled, but shook his head sadly.

"I am afraid that this will be impossible. The web of circumstantial evidence is drawn about me too tightly for that."

"Not at all, young man, if you can give me a clue to work upon!"

"I should be glad to do so if I had the slightest one to give you."

"Very well. Now listen, and I will tell you what I want to know. The only unexplained line of conduct with regard to yourself that I found in my former investigation of this case was that concerning the Montaldo family. Let me recapitulate:

"There is young Mr. Vandeveer, your most intimate friend, almost brothers, so far as intimacy is concerned. You were evidently on friendly terms with the Montaldos, but you never mentioned them in your frequent letters to him, although you wrote without reserve concerning the other people, especially young ladies, whom you met at Rosita. Then, this young lady, Miss Montaldo, calls on Mr. Vandeveer at the hotel, and begs him to go with her and save you from men who were determined to have your life. So deep is her interest in your welfare that she dresses in a suit of her brother's clothing and accompanies him on horseback to your relief. It is probable that but for her taking him to the spot, you would have been captured that night and hanged. So, you may fairly say that you owed your life to her on that occasion."

George, since the beginning of the detective's harangue, had sat quite silent, his head leaning upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon the floor. There was an embarrassed flush upon his face, which Harry could not tell how to interpret.

"Then," continued Mr. Tipton, "you wrote to her from St. Louis at the same time you wrote to Mr. Vandeveer. In some unexplained way your enemies at Rosita found from that letter where you were stopping. This man Shanks started immediately, it appears, with the intention of putting you out of the way. You doubtless have heard the story of the visit which Mr. Vandeveer and myself made, on the evening of our arrival, to Montaldo mansion, and of the scene of which we were witnesses. That night Miss Montaldo disappeared. From all that we can learn, she went to Mexico, and thence to Matamoras. There we lost all trace of her. After your escape from Shanks, so Mr. Vandeveer informs me, you went to New Orleans, thence to Matamoras. Taking into consideration all these points, and the fact that your uncle's partner, Bernstein, was evidently in love with Miss Montaldo, and I fancy, was actually attempting to compel her to marry him at the moment Mr. Vandeveer and I interrupted their interview—I say, Mr. Tempest, considering all these things, I am of the opinion, if you will kindly tell me everything—mind, I say *everything*—about your connection with this young lady and her father, that I will have far less difficulty in tracing this murder to its perpetrator."

"Do you dream, sir, that the young lady was in any wise connected with the crime?" said George, his eyes flashing.

"No, sir, I do not," responded Mr. Tipton, in an emphatic tone; "but I do believe she knows who was the murderer."

George sat pondering for a moment. Then he answered: "I will tell you everything that I know concerning the family. Whether it will shed any light upon the crime I can not tell."

He then began the recital, Mr. Tipton following him carefully with his note book, jotting down facts here and there, and interrupting him frequently with questions. To avoid unnecessary repetition, the story which George told is herewith given in narrative form:

Several months before the murder of Mr. Tempest, George became acquainted with Jose Montaldo. He was some four or five years older than Irma, a reckless, dare-devil young man, fond of drinking and gambling, and really an altogether disreputable person.

In manners, however, he had much of the suavity of the Spanish race, and a person which was far from displeasing. He had handsome, regular features, a tall and well-knit form, showing the traces of his German ancestry; he spoke several languages, including, of course, Spanish and English, and had lived, for several years, a roving life through Mexico and the Pacific states, even extending his trips on several occasions to South America, returning only at distant intervals to the paternal mansion.

It was on one of these occasions that George Tempest met him. The young man was well dressed, had plenty of money, and altogether struck George at first as a very desirable acquisition to the somewhat lim

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

"Betty Alden" was the first born daughter of the pilgrims, John and Priscilla Alden, kept in our thoughts through song and story of this fair New England maiden. The author, Jane G. Austin, has already written much in regard to the early days. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York City.

"The Lady of Fort St. John," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, also comes from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is, like this author's former story, one of the early days when Nova Scotia was under French rule. Those who read it as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* know that it is full of intense interest.

"Songs of the Sea," is the title of an illustrated holiday volume, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City. Stanzas referring to the wide waste of waters upon which the ships go are taken from the works of different writers and illustrated in charactey. A full page is devoted to each stanza, and two colors are used of rich brown and blue, both showing well upon their background of heavy cream-white paper.

From Frederick A. Stokes, also comes "The Society Calendar," which is made of twelve fac-similies of water colors, designed by Frances Day, each one being given to a page, upon which is also the calendar for the month. The leaves are prettily tied together with ribbon, the whole making an attractive calendar.

A charming little calendar from the same publishers is called "The Lathbury," which is also made up of twelve fac-similes of water color designs by Miss M. A. Lathbury. These designs are printed upon pieces of cardboard, where also appear the calendar for the months, and when they are fastened together with narrow ribbon, so as to fall apart when suspended, something like a venetian blind.

"By Land and Sea" is an illustrated account of travel by the late Harriet E. Francis, wife of John M. Francis, of Troy. The material for the volume was gathered by Mrs. Francis during a residence in Greece, Portugal and Austro-Hungary while her husband was United States minister in those countries, and also during a journey around the world, which Mr. and Mrs. Francis made together. It is published by Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y.

Book No. 1 of "Barbour's Prize Needle Work Series" has made its appearance, and it is very complete in the directions for lace-making, embroidery and needle-work with linen thread. The directions are very clear although not elaborate, being intended more for novices than for expert workers, although the latter will find many suggestions that are useful. Barbour Brothers company, Boston.

Frederick A. Stoke's company also publish a movable picture toy book entitled "Fun and Sport With a Merry Troupe." Upon each page is a colored design of pictures to illustrate the text. The figures are attached to a piece of card which projects from each leaf, and by moving them can be made to appear possessed of life and action.

The Lippincotts also issue a story entitled "Our Bess," from the pen of Rosa Nouchette Carey, the author of "Anin Diana," "Esther," and other stories which have won popularity. It is a very well told story and full of incident.

ADA JANE WORE A DISGUISE.

Her Father Didn't Know Her When He Overtook Her as She Was Eloping.

Miss Ada Jane Saxton ran away from her father's house in Silver Lake township last Friday night in the disguise of an old woman. She was the only unmarried daughter of Farmer Merritt A. Saxton and she had tried to run away twice before. Miss Saxton retired to her bedroom on the first floor a little after 9 o'clock. Half an hour later Mrs. Saxton had occasion to go to her bedroom for something, and to her surprise she found the door fastened on the inside. This was an unusual thing for Miss Saxton to do, and after her mother had rattled on the door and called to her a number of times without getting any response, she ran around to the window and found it open. She called to Ada Jane again, and receiving no answer, climbed in the window. Miss Saxton wasn't there, but the dress she had worn during the afternoon was, and the bed hadn't been disturbed.

Mrs. Saxton immediately took in the situation. Her daughter, she imagined, had eloped with young John R. Gresham, the son of a Silver Lake farmer, and such proved to be the case. Mr. Saxton was asleep on a lounge in the sitting room when his wife made the discovery. She roused him up at once and told him about Ada Jane's disappearance, and he ran out in his shirt sleeves and listened. It was a still, moonlight night, and Mr. Saxton heard the wheels of a wagon rattling over the road nearly a mile to the north. Without stopping to look in his coat he hastily hitched a white horse to a buckboard wagon and went flying away in the direction of the sounds.

He was on the right track, and the runaway lovers had less than ten minutes the start of him. Miss Saxton had met young Gresham down the road a few rods, and they had started to drive to New Milford, twelve miles away. She was in a buckboard and she wore an old woman's ruffled cap, an old quilted silk hood, silver-bowed spectacles, and a long cloak. Her lover was disguised as an old man in a battered plug hat and ragged overcoat. He had a single covered buggy and his good clothes were under the seat. His horse was a poor roadster, but they had lots of time to get to New Milford before the train from the west arrived, and so they jogged along at a moderate gait.

Three miles from home Mr. Saxton caught sight of the elopers' rig. It was going up a steep hill, half a mile ahead of him, and he meant to overtake it after it reached the summit. Part way up the hill Mr. Gresham gave his horse a rest, and, glancing back, he saw a white horse speeding across the flat below in the bright moonlight. Miss Saxton thought she recognized the horse, and they could hear the driver urging it ahead as it neared the foot of the hill. Miss Saxton finally recognized her father's voice, and Mr. Gresham whipped up his horse, and was soon at the top of the hill. Realizing that Mr. Saxton would overtake them, Mr. Gresham hitched his horse in a piece of woods a few yards from the roadside, and then he and Miss Saxton went to trudging along the road like a couple of rheumatic old persons.

They hadn't walked far when Mr. Saxton sent his horse past them on a canter. He had hardly got by when he reined in his horse and asked Mr. Gresham if he had seen a buggy drive past a little while before. Mr. Gresham said that the buggy had just gone around a curve in the road, and Mr. Saxton put whip to his horse and was out of sight in a hurry. Then the runaway lovers turned back, got in the carriage, drove down the hill and took another route to New Milford, where they boarded a Delaware, Lackawanna & Western train for Binghampton. They were married late that night and on Saturday night they returned to Silver Lake township and told about how nicely they had got away in their disguises.

One of the "Profesh."

At the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening a small boy wearing a coat that was many sizes too large for him stuck his dirty face into the box office window and asked George Dickson:

"Do you recognize the profession?"

Mr. Dickson looked at him curiously and gave an affirmative answer, but said:

"Do you belong to the profession?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"What do you do?"

"I belong to the Carleton Opera Company," said the unabashed youth.

"What do you do with that company?"

"Tend to the donkey, 'Baby Anson,'" was the answer.

He got in.—[Indianapolis News.

True After All.

Winks—There's a man who worked for a street car company for forty years. Now he is too old to work, but the company pay's him a living income right along.

Minks (emphatically)—"I don't believe it."

Winks (calmly)—"He is one of the stockholders."—[Good News.

OLD DAYS AT WEST POINT

CAPTAIN KING'S REMINISCENCES.

First Experience "On Post"—Learning Guard Duty—A Never-to-be Forgotten Night—Fun for Everybody but the "Plebe."

[Written for the Blade by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. Copyright, 1891.]

BY the 27th of June, thanks to the vigorous drilling our two advance squads had received at the hands of Cadets Rabb and Twining, the senior captain and adjutant respectively, several of our number were pronounced ready for guard duty, and a plebe's first experience "on post" is something he will never forget as long as he lives. In my time we were "in harness" several weeks earlier than is the case to-day, and I know it was with a sense of supreme satisfaction that I listend to the summons of the cadet first sergent of A company to be ready for guard in the morning. My new uniform fitted like a glove. I had my rifle and accoutrements in spick-span order; I rather enjoyed the chuckles and remarks of the yearlings and all their hints as to what would happen to me the first night.

"See that, Mr. K—gets on No. 3, gleefully shouted the group of oldsters to their classmate, a corporal, who was to "march on" with me No. 3 is the post that skirts the tents of Company A on one side and Fort Clinton ditch on the other—the post of all others in which a plebe would be most apt to be at the mercy of his persecutors. Guard

"OFFICER OF THE DAY, PRESENT ARMS!"

mount went off in spirited style and when the reliefs were divided off in front of the guard tents I drew a long breath of comfort. So far without a break or reprimand and being entitled to my position in the relief to the secluded post of No. 4, behind the colonel's tent, out of range of yearling tormentors. But that hope quickly vanished. Amid the titters of the throng of third-classmen hovering about the flanks my name was read out as No. 3, and a favored classmate of the corporal of my relief was assigned to No. 4.

I can see those scamps now, leaping and laughing back to the body of the camp to tell their comrades that they had "fixed that place on No. 3."

"Just you wait till night, Mr. K—. We'll find out how much guard duty you learned in front of Washington," was the significant remark of many a laughing by-stander. In those days the worst thing a plebe could do was to admit that he thought he knew anything about soldiering before coming to the Point, and Mr. K—, having been at the front several months before his appointment, and having seen something of picket and sentry duty with loaded muskets and with well taught and disciplined troops, too, had been enough to "allow" that he thought he was not entirely green.

But sentry duty was never taught anywhere as thoroughly as it was at the Point. Practically and theoretically I think the old system' then pursued was the most complete I ever heard of. There were three or four plebes on the detail this eventful day. A corporal took us under the shade of a spreading tree; read aloud the general instructions for ten minutes or so, then questioned. Then he took the special instructions, which were more intricate, and we were coached in them for nearly an hour. When the relief was posted, proud of my spotless uniform and of being one of the first half dozen on guard, I began pacing up and down, paying no heed to the chuckles and grimaces of the blissful yearlings sprawling on their stomachs and peeping out at me from under the back of their tents. Presently around came the corporal, stern, soldierly and precise, and began to catechise again, while I stood at "arms port" promptly answering his questions. Hardly had he gone, when along came the junior officer of the guard—with the same examination—carefully correcting every error, no matter how trifling, and presently the red sash and tall, black plumes of that awful magnate—the cadet captain who was officer of the day—hove suddenly in sight, and I sprang into the position of "present." He, too, examined. So, too, later did the army lieutenant, who was officer in charge, and my heart bounded with delight when he said "Very well, indeed, sir," adding to the corporal, "This young gentleman has his orders to the letter."

"All right in theory, Mr. K—" said the corporal, significantly, that afternoon, "but look out for practice to-night."

Well, practice came, and if practice makes perfect, the plebes of '62 were speedily turned into experts. I, for one, could stand written or oral examination on every point of guard or sentry duty, at the sounding of tattoo, that never to be forgotten night in June, but two hours later I wondered if I had ever heard of its first principles.

There was no moon. A soft wind was whispering through the trees; something or other was whispering about those dark tents only six yards away. Lights were out in camp. All was silent, and I had just been put on post. The relief had tramped away into the blackness of the night. I heard it challenged by number 4, and now I was alone. My orders were as clear as a bell. I knew just how I should receive bodies of armed men, mounted or afoot, patrols, grand rounds, officers of every grade, friends with countersign, or foes without. "Keep your eyes open and your ears peeled and your wits about you," said my last mentor, the corporal, as he vanished.

I hear the clink of the cadet's sword somewhere up the path. Somebody's coming. I hear the quick, springy footfall before even a shadow comes in sight. "Who comes there?" I challenge, loud. Silence. No answer. Promptly I advance upon the intruder. Forty feet away I find him—a statuesque figure dimly visible at the edge of the ditch. "Who comes there?" I repeat.

"I'm not coming—I'm standing still."

"Who stands there?"

"I'm not standing I'm going away," and slowly he begins backing up the post.

"Halt! Corporal of the Guard, No. 3," I yell, and instantly Nos. 2 and 1 repeat the call.

"What do you mean, sir, by ordering your superior officer to halt?" sternly demands my visitor.

"Advance and give the countersign if you are an officer," I reply. Then, with startled nerves: "Who comes there?" for a figure bounds into space around the corner tent and rushes straight at me, answering, "Corporal of the Guard."

Before I can say "Advance with the countersign," there's a rattle and bang down the dark pathway behind me. I whirl about and challenge, "Who comes there?" and, for an answer, out from the shadows tramps another tall soldier. "What's the meaning of this disturbance on your post, sir? Who are those parties?" is the savage question. I know the voice of the officer of the day. I know he has not answered my challenge, and that until he has whispered the magic countersign over the point of my lowered bayonet I have no business to recognize him. "Call the corporal at once, sir, and have these marauders arrested."

"Halt! You haven't given the countersign," I stammer, but, all the same, yell for the corporal.

"Here's the corporal. I'm the corporal. What do you want?" asked the second arrival, and I spin about and level my bayonet at him.

"The countersign," I say.

"I can't give it at this distance. These other men will hear," protests the corporal.

"Advance, then, and give it."

"How dare you advance a corporal, sir, when his superior officer is here waiting?" says arrival No. 1.

"How dare you keep one standing here?" says the voice at my back. "Don't you know I'm officer of the day?"

Know! Goodness, yes! What plebe doesn't know that awful voice? But all the same, I think to myself, I have no business to, so long as the countersign is withheld. Now all three at once are clamoring. On three sides I am being berated for general worthlessness and inefficiency. The yearlings in "A" company are wide awake and giggling with glee over the performance.

Something comes whizzing through the darkness as I stand at the edge of the ditch vainly challenging and shouting. A huge feather pillow takes me full in the face and topples me backward. My yell for the corporal—more corporals—is stifled. My musket and I are at the bottom of the ditch. When I finally

"IN VAIN I CHARGE."

scramble out, pillow and persecutors have gone. I hear the lively shouts of a classmate over on No. 5, and thank God they've gone to make it lively for him a while, but the relief is only temporary. In another moment the graveyards seem to yawn and a troop of sheeted ghosts come dancing down upon me. I am encompassed on every side—except the ditch. In vain I charge and challenge. They scatter only to reassemble. While I am driving at the nimble figures in front, a dozen are at my back. In the midst of it something is rushed between my legs from the rear. Back I go into the bottom of the big, broad wheelbarrow, and away I whiz down the post, ghosts by the dozen capering alongside. Another minute, and with a deft turn I am projected again into the depths of the soft, moist, grass-grown ditch, and, when the corporal finally hauls me out, gun, cartridge-box, cap-box, belts and scabbard are scattered to the winds. A plebe's first night on post in those halcyon days was a revel indeed—but not for him.

—Copyright, 1891. CHARLES KING.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A ROUND OF SONGS.

In Absence.

My love is far away from me to-night.
Oh, spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,
Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes;
Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,
That no rude care or noisome dream affright.
So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
As little clouds that breast the sunset steep
Merge and melt out into the golden light.

My love is far away and I am grown
A very child, oppressed with formless glooms,
Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown
Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms
Seem with vague fears and dim regrets full,
Lonesome and strange and empty without her.
—[Archibald Lampman in Scribner's.

Answered.

I took my sorrow where the swelling fields
Lay circled by the low, caressing sky;
The soft enchantment that the morning yields
Held all the murmurous air, and only I
Marred the rejoicing day, and drew apart.
When joy came flooding till my pulse leaped high,
I told my gladness to the woods' deep heart,
And all the forest answered with a sigh.
She heed—sweet Nature—nay, she is not dumb!
When from my prisoned soul the bars shall fall,
There waits an answer to my every cry.
Though yet her speech I may not know, in some
Glad times my soul, bound-sundered, shall recall
In thousandfold the sure and blest reply.
—[Nannie Mayo Fitzhugh.

Affinity.

We gave no sign, no outward difference made
In speech or attitude, but in that hour
When first our voices answered voice, glad and afraid,
We saw a new life rise in strength and power;
A Presence, Fate's strong shadow seemed to call
To us, and touch us, and our spirits grew
Into each other, as shed tears may fall
At eve, and mingle with great drops of dew.
So must it be, though we should live apart,
Or hand touch hand in hourly fellowship,
Years passwith never word from heart to heart:
Or thoughts be daily read on brow or lip.
As stars know stars across the ethereal sea,
So soul feels soul to all eternity.
—[English Illustrated Magazine.

A Minor Chord.

I heard a strain of music in the street,
A wandering waif of sound; and then
The straightway
A nameless desolation filled the day.
The great green earth, that had been fair and sweet,
Seemed but a tomb; the life I thought replete
With joy grew lonely for a vanished May:
Forgotten sorrows resurrected lay
Like ghastly skeletons about my feet.
Above me stretched the silent, suffering sky,
Dumb with vast anguish for departed suns,
That brutal Time to nothingness had buried.
The daylight was as sad as smiles that lie
Upon the wistful, tear-dissolved mouths of nuns,
And I stood prisoned in an awful world.
—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Lippincott's.

For Soft Hands.

Glycerine and rose water, mixed in the proportions of one-third glycerine to two thirds rose water, is very good for the hands.

Catarrh in the Head

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. All who suffer from catarrh or debility should certainly try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with satisfactory results, receiving permanent benefit from it." J. F. HUBBARD, Streator, Ill.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past four years at intervals. I was troubled with catarrh, and the medicine effected a perfect cure. I take it now whenever I feel debilitated, and it always gives me immediate strength, regulates the bowels and gives an excellent appetite." LEVI CAMPBELL, Parkersburg, W. Va.

"My daughter has had catarrh for 9 years. She coughed and expectorated so much that every one thought she had consumption. I tried everything I heard of but gained no relief. I sent her to Florida in September for the winter, and there her friends advised her to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. She wrote me that she had taken three bottles and never felt so good in her life." MRS. MCKNIGHT, 137 Williamson St., Newport, Ky.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

It fills the bill—a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Sick or Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

But not in the way the huge, old-fashioned pill tries to do it. These little Pellets have better methods. They cleanse and regulate the whole system *naturally*. In other words, they do it thoroughly, but mildly and gently. There's no disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. They're the smallest in size, but the most effective in result—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. Only one little sugar-coated Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

This is true only of Dr. Pierce's standard medicines.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

Social Amenities.

Bingo—I'm going to bring my wife around to call on you to-night.

Witherby—That's right, but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new seal-skin cloak. I don't want my wife to see it just now.

Bingo (grimly)—Why, that's what we are coming for.—[Cloak Review.

Shall Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?

Stiggins—Who is that gentleman with whom you were walking awhile ago?

Pennybunker—He is an original humorist.

"But why did you lift your hat continually while you were talking to him?"

"He was telling me some original jokes, and whenever I recognize an old acquaintance I always left my hat.—[Texas Siftings.

Helping Him Out.

Uncle Ebony—I's trying ter raise enough money ter git my wife a new dress for Christmas, sah.

Fetherstone—I see, and you want me to give you some chores to do, eh, Uncle?

Uncle Ebony—Well, no, sah, dat wasn't de idee. I thought, perhaps, you could git de ole lady a job at washin', sah.—[Cloak Review.

Appropriate Names.

"So you have got twins at your house?" said Mrs. Bezumbe to little Johnny Salveson.

"Yes, mam, two of 'em."

"What are you going to call them?"

"Thunder and Lightning."

"Why, those are strange names to call children."

"Well, that's what pa called them as soon as he heard they were in the house."—[Texas Siftings.

Skepticism Cured.

"Mr. Ingersoll, did you ever try a bottle of my magical anti-fat remedy?" asked the proprietor of a patent medicine.

"I never did," remarked Colonel Ingersoll, blindly.

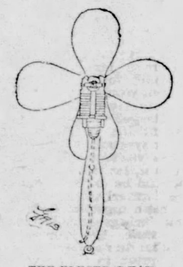
"You should try a bottle. It does all that I claim for in my advertisement."

"What do you say in your advertisement?"

"That a single bottle will convince the most skeptical."—[Texas Siftings.

An Electric Hand Fan.

An electric hand fan for theater-goers has been devised which is likely to take the place of the present methods of cooling auditoriums.



THE ELECTRIC FAN.

The fan is very light, and it may be hung on the back of the theater seat. A push-button on the side of the handle turns on the slight current needed to revolve the flukes, which compels a steady rush of air without making the least noise.

A Blind Telegraph Operator.

A friend of mine, who is a telegraph operator, tells me a story of a fellow-operator in a small Connecticut town with whom he had been working on the same wire for some time. "One day last week," he says, "I was piled up with business and was feeling rather cranky and I just 'soaked' him for all I was worth. He never broke and gave O. K. for the message and I started in to work with another office on the same line, when this fellow called me—that is, he broke in on my sending and wanted me to repeat the message that I had but a few moments before sent him.

"Well, I repeated it, and when I got through he said: 'You will please excuse me, but I wrote the first message on the back of a blank, and the boy couldn't read it (there is printing on the backs of blanks); I'll try and be more careful in the future.' I thought it rather queer that an operator would write a message on the back of a blank, so I asked him how he came to do that, and he said: 'Why don't you know? I'm blind.' I found that he was really blind. He takes his messages on with a pen, but employs a boy to read the messages to him that are to be sent. He does as good work as any of his fellow operators."—[Boston News.

Little Johnny Tells a Story.

One time there was a young gote wich felt butty, and there was a ole ram wich lay in the road, half a sleep, a chune his cud. The gote he had been shet up in a paster of his life, an had never saw a ram, an he sed to his sister, the gote did: "You jest stan still and se me whipe that freak off the face of the erth."

So the gote he went up before the ram an' stompt his feets an' shuke his head real friteful, but the ram he dident git up, but only jes kep a chune his cud and wotched out between his i lashes. Bime by the gote he backed off and tuke a run, an' then arose up in the air an' cum down with his hed on the ram's hed, wack! The gote's hed was busted, but the ole ram he never wank his eye. Then the ole ram he smiled with his mowth, an' sed to the buttegote's sister: "Pears to me, miss, that kangaroo of yourn is mity careless where he lites; he come gum dasted near makin' me swoller my cud."—[San Francisco Examiner.

He Couldn't Be Frightened.

A small boy on Fifth street hates the washing process worse than snakes hate liquor. His mother was scrubbing him and he was kicking.

"Why don't you be a good boy?" she begged. "Don't you know you'll go to the bad place if you are not?"

"There ain't any water there, is there?" he asked.

"Not a drop," she answered solemnly.

"Then I guess I'll keep on being bad." And he kept on.—[Detroit Free Press.

No Use for Cyclones.

Gilhooley—"According to the signal service prediction we are going to have a cyclone."

Gus De Smith—"I have a mortal dread of cyclones."

"Were you ever in one?" somebody asked.

"No; but I lost my dear aunt in one."

"That is sad."

"You bet it was tough. She hadn't make her will, and instead of me another relative got the property. I've never had any use for cyclones since."—[Texas Siftings.

It Dazzled Her.

"You say you don't drink, George?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble?"

"No."

"Nor stay out at night?"

"Never."

"Well, we never could be happy as man and wife, George. I have been brought up in New York, not heaven."—[Life.

Bad Lands Made Good.

One of the largest irrigating canals in California will soon be in operation near Lodi, in San Joaquin county. It will convert over 200 square miles into fruit farms.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time, if you expect full replies. If more than one, they must be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Our New Story.

Every reader of the Question Bureau is asked to read the announcement of our new story on page 4 of this issue, and to send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE containing the first installment. Please send lists *at once*. We want a million names.

Lincoln and the Slaves.

Subscriber, Toledo, O., asks: "Did Abraham Lincoln ever offer to let the South retain their slaves if they would lay down their arms, and return to the Union? If so please state briefly the facts."

We had this question from some one else a few weeks ago, and answered "No." To this we have received the following from "An Old Subscriber:"

"I have read in the Question Bureau that President Lincoln at one time offered to purchase the slaves. I have read in the paper of the spring of 1862 that President Lincoln made the remark that the expense of the war would amount to more than all the Southern slaves were worth, and that it would be cheaper to buy them off, and if they did not agree to that the war would have to be continued. I have also seen it in 'The Lost Cause.'"

We have also received the following from C. S. S., Swanson, Ohio:

"I notice that in reply to an inquiry by 'Reader,' Meadow Creek, Ky., you state that Abraham Lincoln never offered to purchase the slaves at any price at any time.

"Speaking in his history of the rebellion, 'The American Conflict,' gives a proclamation by President Lincoln, a part of which I here transcribe:

"'Now, the sixth day of March last, (1862), by a special message, I recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution to be substantially as follows:

"'*Resolved*, That the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid to be used by such state in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.'

"Lincoln further says: 'The resolution in the language above quoted, was adopted by large majorities of both branches of Congress, and now stands *an authentic, definite and solemn proposal of the nation* to the states and people most interested in the subject matter.' Read pages 246 and 247, of vol. 2, Greeley's 'American Conflict;' also Lincoln's letter on pages 660, same volume."

The Parentage of Man.

P. O. P., Poage's Mills, Va., asks: "What caused the different races of men when there were only one race in the ark? We have five distinct races of men, and I do not understand how this came about."

Any answer to this question would simply be a matter of opinion. So we submitted it to a retired minister, a doctor of Divinity, a man whose name is well known throughout several states, who replies as follows:

"There is no proof whatever that the Deluge was universal. There is no proof whatever that all races of men descended from Noah and his sons. Neither of these things are believed by Christians of high education and scientific attainments. Many good people will demur to these statements, because they think they are opposed to the record in Genesis. They are not necessarily so. Science at numerous points differs from the Scripture, but it is not wise to rush at once to the conclusion that one is necessarily false. We must wait and get more knowledge. When Galileo declared the world moved around the sun, it was considered impious, and as contradicting the Bible. We know to-day that it does not. The question above is one that must await the development of time to settle the apparent discrepancy between the fact that it is deemed impossible that all races of men could be descended from one common pair, and the Bible record."

S. A. B., Stillwell, O., asks: "If, after Eve had partaken of the forbidden fruit, Adam had remained loyal and had not partaken thereof, what would have been the result?"

This question was submitted to the gentleman mentioned in the above answer, who replies:

"No well educated person now believes the story of the forbidden fruit to be literal. It is simply a poetic description of the sinful sin, involving both persons. What that sin may have been, it is idle to speculate. I perceive you have readers who need to study the progress of Biblical criticism for the past twenty-five years or more."

The House of Lords.

C. E. H., Cottonwood Falls, Kan.: The British House of Lords consists of peers of the realm. They hold their seats in this body in one of five ways:

1.—By hereditary right.

2.—By creation of the sovereign.

3.—By virtue of their office—this applying only to bishops of the Church of England.

4.—By election for life—Irish peers.

5.—By election for that Parliament—Scottish peers.

All peers of the realm whose titles are hereditary, come under the first class, and sit for life. The crown can elevate to the peerage and the new created peers are entitled to seats for life in the House of Lords. All English bishops are lords by virtue of their office, and have seats in the House of Lords for life. The fourth class consists of 28 Irish peers, who are elected for life. The fifth class consists of 16 Scottish peers, who are elected for each Parliament.

The latest roll of the House of Lords we have at hand makes it consist of 540 members, as follows:

Peers of the blood royal	6
Archbishops of the Church of England	2
Dukes	22
Marquises	19
Earls	118
Viscounts	28
Bishops of the Church of England	24
Barons	277
Scottish representative peers	16
Irish representative peers	28

The Franco-German War.

E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.: On July 4, 1870, the provisional government of Spain proposed Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to the Cortes for the Spanish throne. On July 6 the government declared that the occupation of the Spanish throne by a prince of that house (to which the German royal family belongs) would be incompatible with the interests of France, and further demanded that the king of Prussia should forbid King Leopold to accept the crown. King William refused, on the ground that he had no right to give such orders to a prince of his house who was of age. On July 12, Leopold voluntarily declined to be a candidate for the Spanish throne. France, however, was not satisfied, and demanded the guarantee of Prussia that the Spanish throne should not be accepted at any time in the future by any prince of the house of Hohenzollern. This was scornfully refused, and hence declared war on July 19, 1870. It resulted in the overthrow of Napoleon III., and the establishment of the French republic; the consolidation of the German states into the empire of Germany, and the coronation of William I. of Prussia as emperor of Germany; and by the peace of Versailles, February 26, 1871, the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were taken from France by Germany.

"Mild" Winters.

W. R., Rockdale, Ky., asks: "Please state the cause of the unprecedented mild winters for the last three or four years in Kentucky, or the North Central states."

The following answer is furnished by Prof. Mark Harrington, chief of the United States Weather Bureau:

"Meteorology is in its infancy now, as compared to other sciences, and at present there is no explanation of the periods of cold winters and mild winters, cool summers and hot summers and 'rainy' years and dry years. There are, no doubt, natural laws which govern these periods, but the combination is so complicated and intricate that the most astute meteorologists have so far failed to find the key. Meteorology is making rapid progress, and from now on will be more progressive than before. The delegates of a meteorological congress held recently in Berlin I met some of the foremost scientists in Europe, and all took a keen interest in the investigations. Some physicists are of theory that the earth is radiating more heat than it is gaining, and is therefore gradually growing colder. But those universal arctic times are so far away that nobody now need to worry about it."

Railway Iron.

W. A. K., Austin, O.: Some railway iron was made in the United States under the Walker tariff from 1846 to 1861, but it did not become a leading industry until the present protective law was enacted. Under a low tariff it has happened a number of times that English manufacturers of some one article would combine and put the price down so low to American buyers as to compel American factories to close up. A tin manufactory was started in Pittsburg a number of years ago, but the manufacture was not profitable, and it was given up.

The Last Ohio Legislature.

B. S. J., Phoenix, Ariz.: The Ohio legislature elected in the fall of 1889, was Democratic in both branches. The Senate unseated E. L. Lampson, Republican, who had a majority of votes for lieutenant governor, and gave the place to William V. Marquis, the Democratic candidate. The principal partisan work of that legislature was the reorganization of the municipal governments of several of the larger cities, so as to give the Democrats control; the reorganization of the Ohio penitentiary and the various asylums and state charitable institutions, in order to put Democrats in office; and the election of Calvin S. Brice, a resident of New York, as Senator from Ohio.

A Lie About the President.

R. W., Coltsmer, Pa.: Of course the story that President Harrison is a hard drinker is a falsehood, pure and simple. Whoever publishes it certainly does so knowing its falsity. The other matter you refer to was simply this: Andrew Carnegie, who is a Scotchman by birth and who is now in Scotland, recently sent President Harrison a keg of Scotch whisky, the receipt of which the President duly acknowledged, as the gentlemen are personal friends. What the President will do with it we do not know; but we are quite certain that he will not drink it.

M. Barnard: See reply above. Why did not you send your postoffice address? Don't send questions unless you comply with the rules above.

D. J. B., Windsor, Mo.: See reply above.

Miscellaneous.

G. D. R., Bristol, Mich.: We do not know.

H. B., Gaines, N. Y.: We have not a list of English Premiers.

Protectionist, Swanton, O.: We have not the statistics for which you ask.

K. R. F. Watertown, S. D.: We do not wish to buy any stories at present.

L. M. S., Bradyville, O.: We can not insert requests for songs which we can not print.

E. C. P., Dawson, O.: None of the Indian names you send convey the idea of "peace" or "quiet."

C. E. M., Lyons, Kan.: Send your inquiry to the "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

"Vulcan:" Send your real name and post-office address, and your Indian summer question will be gladly answered.

J. M. N., Naron, Kan.: The point about which you ask was fully explained in the Finance Primer. We can not reprint it.

D. A., Forest, Ind.: We do not understand what "oral law" you refer to. Send us the article in which you found it referred to.

J. G. M., Sumas City, Wash.: You will see by reference to the "News of the Week" in this issue that "Lady" Allen is dead.

Reader, Antwerp, O.: Your questions about Thanksgiving Day are all answered in the Bureau of Weekly BLADE of November 12.

F. W. F. Mulberry, Mo.: Lloyd's *Weekly Newspaper* is published in London. There is no paper of similar name in the United States.

E. C. V., Denison, Tex.: We do not know where the association you speak of is located. Better write to the *Scientific American*, New York city.

F. W. D., Salem Center, O.: The Canadian tariff imposes a duty of 15 cents per bushel on imported wheat, and 10 cents per bushel on imported oats.

G. W. H., Ottumwa, Iowa: James G. Blaine is *not* a Catholic, to the absolute personal knowledge of the editor of THE BLADE; and he never was one.

J. B., Sulphur Springs, Ind.: See answer under head of "Story Writing," in Bureau of Weekly BLADE of November 12, to M. A. F., Carbondale, Colorado.

W. E. C., Venus, Tex.: Electricity is not "made of" anything. It is a force, in the same category as gravitation. All men know of it is through its effects.

E. R. L., Topeka, Kan.: There are no statistics out yet of American tin plate production. The Piqua tin plate mill is running steadily on roofing tin. Read rule 2 above.

E. A. D., Poe, Ind.: We can not take the room to publish the two national platforms. Wait till the national conventions meet next June, when we will publish both in full.

W. S. H., Cuyahoga, Falls, O.: The story "Come Forth" is published in book form, paper covers, at 50 cents. Any bookseller can order it for you. Please read Rule 3 above.

J. H. C., Kalamazoo, Mich.: A little paragraph was floating around in the newspapers several weeks ago, enumerating several natural wonders of Corea, but we can not lay hands on it now.

E. E. S., Milan, Tenn.: George Peabody, in 1869, made a gift of $2,100,000, which he increased in 1869 to $3,500,000, for the promotion of education in the South. This is called the Peabody Educational fund.

C. T. H., Woodville, Pa.: The number of cubic feet in a ton of hay varies. The usage is different in different parts of the country. The best way is to buy and sell by weight, as the law requires us to do in Ohio.

T. R. J., Wellston, O.: Colonel Robert J. Ingersoll is a lawyer in New York city, enjoying a very heavy and lucrative practice. He used to live in Peoria, Ill., but went to New York some twenty years ago.

H. M. B., Rushville, Ind.: William Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood through his experience as a lecturer on anatomy at St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, which he filled from 1609 to 1644.

J. E. R., Skidmore, Mo.: The Piqua, Ohio, tin plate works are in full blast. You should not waste time over Mrs. Gougar's campaign falsehood. It was false when she wrote it, and she must have known it to be false.

L. P., Wheeler, Ill.: Your card scolding us because the Weekly BLADE dated November 5 did not contain election news, was duly received. The Weekly BLADE goes to press at 6 p. m. on every Tuesday; hence, we could not put in the result of the elections, of course.

J. N. H., Wyanet, Ill.: The poem, "James Bird," was published in THE BLADE two or three years ago, and we can not republish. The Piqua tin plate factory is running steadily, to our certain knowledge, notwithstanding Mrs. Gougar's campaign falsehood.

J. R. A., Reno, Pa.: The phrase "Karmic justice" refers to one of the beliefs of theosophists. "Karma" is the name given to the inevitable law which must happen to man because of his misdeeds or his good deeds. It seems similar to the old pagan doctrine of fate.

W. S. C., Philbrook, Mont.: The statements you saw of Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, were made in a campaign speech, before the election, and are false as to the increase of prices. By inquiry at any city store you will find them atrocious falsehoods.

J. W. B., Effingham, Kan.: No orthodox Church," and no educated student of the Bible, who believes that the New Testament teaches the doctrine of the community of property. Certainly Christ did not teach it. We know of no book on the subject you mention.

Subscriber: No name accompanied your question. An emery wheel for light work may be made of wood, the face covered with hot glue, and emery dusted on thickly while it is yet hot. It can be turned down true with a file. For heavy work buy a solid emery wheel.

G. H., Meadow Creek, Ky.: The soil of the blue-grass section of Kentucky is the same as that of the valleys of the Great Miami and Little Miami, covering the south

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE'S THANKSGIVING SERMON

Preached to an Immense Multitude at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday—Blessings Without Number Showered on Man.

Dr. Talmage's sermon on Sunday was on the text taken from Psalm cxlviii. 10, 12 and 13: "Beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl; both young men and maidens; old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord."

What a scene it was when, last Thursday, at the call of the President and governors, this nation assembled to chant the praises of God. But the day was too short to celebrate the divine goodness of such a year. The sun did not rise over Brooklyn until one minute before 7 that morning, and it set at 4 o'clock and 35 minutes that evening. What a small space of time in which to meditate upon twelve months of benefactions. So I add to that day this Sabbath morning service, and with the fruits and harvests of the earth still glorifying the pulpit and the platform, ask you to continue the rehearsal of the divine goodness.

By a sublime egotism man has come to appropriate this world to himself, when the fact is that our race is in a small minority. The instances of human life, as compared with the instances of animal life, are not one to a million. We shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness and come to a better understanding of the text if, before we come to look at the cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the irrational creation.

Although nature is out of joint, yet even in its disruption I am surprised to find the almost universal happiness of the animal creation. On a summer day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress unless, perchance, a heartless schoolboy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb and there goes up a bleating from the flocks. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and scaled, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the lark carols it; the whale spouts it. The small, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shellfish, have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks; anaconda crawling through the jungle; buffalo plunging across the prairie; crocodile basking in tropical sun; seal puffing on the ice; ostrich striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy; they do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says they are filled with good.

The worm squirming through the sod upturned of plowshare, and the ants racing up and down the hillock, are happy by day and happy by night. Take up a drop of water under the microscope, and you find that within it there are millions of creatures that swim in a hallelujah of gladness. The sounds in nature that are repulsive to our ears are often only utterances of joy—the growl, the croak, the bark, the howl. The good God made these creatures, thinks of them ever, and will not let a plowshare turn up a mole's nest, or fisherman's hook transfix a worm, until, by eternal decree, its time has come. God's hand feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens the clover top for the oxen's tasting, and pours out crystalline waters in mossed cups of rock, for the hind to drink out of on his way down the crags, and pours nectar into the cup of the honeysuckle to refresh the humming-bird; and spreads a banquet of a hundred fields of buckwheat, and lets the honey bee put his mouth to any cup of all the banquet and tells the grasshopper to go anywhere he likes, and gives the flocks of heaven the choice of all the grain fields. The sea anemone, half animal, half flower, clinging to the rock in the ocean, with its tentacles spread to catch its food, has the Owner of the universe to provide for it. We are repulsed at the hideousness of the elephant, but God, for the comfort and convenience of the monster, puts forty thousand distinct muscles in its proboscis.

Yes, God in the Bible announces his care for these orders of creation. He says that he has heaved up fortifications for their defense—Psalms civ., 18: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies." He watches the nests—Psalms civ., 18: "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalms civ., 14: "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle." He sees to it that the cows and sheep and horses have enough to drink—Psalms civ., 10, 11: "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; they give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst."

Why did God make all these, and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing, and dancing, and frisking amid the irrational creation? Why this heaven for the animalcule in a dewdrop? Why for the condor a throne on Chimborazo? Why the glitter of the phosphorus in the ship's wake on the sea, which is said to be only the frolic of millions of insects? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth, and air, and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph to archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—God is good. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

I take a step higher, and notice the adaptation of the world to the comfort and happiness of man. The sixth day of creation had arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep; the eagle the air; the lion the field; but where was the scepter which should rule all? A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in his nature. His body from the earth beneath; his soul from the heaven above. The one reminding him of his origin, the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence. In him a strange commingling of temporal and eternal, the finite and the infinite, dust and glory. The earth for his floor, and heaven for his roof; God for his Father; eternity for his lifetime.

Volumes have been written of the hand. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp and then struck out of it all the world's ministrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon mines dreamed itself away in immortal sculpture. It reins in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it snatches the fire from heaven; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nation quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscle, and joints I learn that God is good.

Behold the eye, which, in its photographic gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations; these one hundred thousand glands; these two hundred million pores; this mysterious heart, contracting four thousand times every hour—this chemical process of digestion, this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skillful philosopher; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave, this factory of life, whose wheels, and spindles, and bands are God-directed. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are some men here who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

I take a step higher, and look at man's mental constitution. Behold the benevolence of God in powers of perception, or the faculty of transporting this outside world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm and the splendors of the dawn, and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might put a glass of water to your lips.

Watch the law of association, or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought, or knew, or felt, and then giving you the power to take hold of the clew line and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity—one thought statred up a hundred, and this again a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices, or the thrum of one string will rouse an orchestra.

Watch your memory—that sheaf-binder, that goes forth to gather the harvest of the past, and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and lightning foot: thought that outspeeds the star, and circles through the heavens, and weighs words, and, from poising amid wheeling constellations, comes down to count the blossoms in a tuft of mignonette, then starts again to try the fathoming of the bottomless, and the scaling of the insurmountable, to be swallowed up in the incomprehensible, and lost in God.

In reason and understanding, man is alone. The ox surpasses him in strength, the antelope in speed, the hound in keenness of nostril, the eagle in far-reaching sight, the rabbit in quickness of hearing, the honey-bee in delicacy of tongue, the spider in fineness of touch. Man's power, therefore, consisteth not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how strong a wrestler he can throw—for in these respects the ox, the ostrich, and the hyena are his superior—but by his reason he comes forth to rule all; through his ingenious contrivance to outrun, outlift, outwrestle, outsee, outhear, outdo. At his all-conquering decree the forest that has stood for ages steps aside to let him build his cabin and cultivate his farm.

I take a step higher and look at man's moral nature. Made in the image of God. Vast capacity for enjoyment; capable, at first, of eternal joy, and, though now disordered, still, through the recuperative force of heavenly grace, able to mount up to more than its original felicity; faculties that may blossom and bear fruit inexhaustibly. Immortality written upon every capacity; a soul destined to range in unlimited spheres of activity long after the world have put on ashes, and the solar system shall have snapped its axle, and the stars that, in their course, fought against Sisera, shall have been slain and buried amid the tolling thunders of the last day.

I wish you good cheer for the national health. Pestilence, that in other years has come to drive out its thousand hearses to Greenwood and Laurel Hill, has not visited our nation. It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the slipping of a foot, or the falling of a tree which might fatally assault our life. Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to be a spirit within us panting after its immortality. Our sight fails not, though the air is full of objects which by one touch could break out the soul's window. What ship, after a year's tossing on the sea, could come in with so little damage as ourselves, though we arrive after a year's voyage to-day?

I wish you good cheer for the national harvest. Reaping machines never swathed thicker rye, and corn-husker's peg never ripped out fuller ear, and mow-poles never bent down under sweeter hay, and wind-mill's hopper never shook out larger wheat. Long trains of white-covered wagons have brought the wealth down to the great thoroughfares. The garners are full, the storehouses are overcrowded, the canals are blocked with freights pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness, and whistle up the flagman at dead of night to let the Western harvests come down to feed the mouths of the great cities. A race of kings have taken possession of this land—King Cotton, King Corn, King Wheat, King Rice, King Coal.

I wish you good cheer for civil and religious liberty. No official spy watches our entrance here, nor does an armed soldier interfere with our honest utterance of truth. We stand here to-day with our arms free to work, and our tongues free to speak. This Bible—it is all unclasped. This pulpit—there is no chain around about it. There is no snapping of musketry in the street. Blessed be God that to-day we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. No established religion; Jew and Gentile—Arminian and Calvinist—Trinitarian and Unitarian—Protestant and Roman Catholic—on the same footing. If persecution should come against the most unpopular of all the sects, I believe that all other denominations would band together, and arm themselves, and hearts would be stout, and blood would be free, and the right of men to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences would be contested at the point of the bayonet, and with blood flowing up to the bits of the horses' bridles.

For mercies temporal and spiritual let consecrated lives be offered. Wherever God's light shines and God's rain descends, and God's mercy broods, let the thanksgiving arise.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used by thousands with great success. It is the best blood purifier.

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

How They Live.

Two very young Englishmen (as age is considered in British politics) received important government appointments last week—George Curzon, who has been made under secretary of state for India, and who is 32 years old, and the Viscount Chelsea, Balfour's private secretary, who is but 23. Curzon is the ideal promising young man. He is 32 and an Oxford celebrity, has traveled much in the East, has written a readable book of most solid merit, is a man of the world, has been private secretary to Lord Salisbury, has five years' party experience, and has the crowning distinction of being a leading spirit in that select company known as "The Souls," to which Mr. Balfour also belongs. Lord Chelsea is quite a different young person. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Codogan, the unearned increment of whose vast property, in the heart of London, has made him one of the wealthiest men in England. Chelsea is a pleasure-loving youth who has been "going the pace" ever since he came into his teens.

A Soaked Wood Pavement.

A new system of wood paving that is now being tried in Paris makes use of pieces of oak about four inches long, split up similarly to ordinary kindling wood. These sticks are laid loosely on end in fine sand on a bed of gravel from four to four and a half inches thick. A layer of fine sand is spread over them, and they are alternately watered and beaten several times. In about forty-eight hours the water has completely penetrated the wood, causing it to swell in to a compact mass, which is capable of supporting the heaviest traffic, according to reports.

A Silk Worm's Long Thread.

The longest continuous fibre known at the present time is that of silk. A cocoon of a well fed silk worm will often yield 1,000 yards long, and in one instance one has been produced which contained 1,295 yards without a break.

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.

There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.

We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.

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A book on it free.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

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The Camp Fire.

☞Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

Echoes From Co. C.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When we received our horses the boys were elated. Co.'s C and D drew 200 horses. Co. D had Capt. Beard, a sharp old horseman, to select for them. Capt. Young, not being a judge of horseflesh, appointed me to select our horses. I knew our major, Matt. Patrick, was among the best horsemen in Nebraska. I got the major to aid me. The major "drew cuts" with Capt. Beard for first choice. We were then to take choice about until the horses were divided. The major won first choice. We selected a sorrel that proved to be the fastest horse in the regiment. Capt. Beard selected horses for his men, giving the best horses to the best men. I drew No. 3, but Mack, my bunk-mate, was No. 60. He raved some, but I posted him to Keep quiet. I selected a rather small but wiser black, 5 years old. I had been keeping an eye on a boney-looking 4-year-old. The boys mostly rejected him because he was in thin flesh; but I saw he had bottom, which was the most essential quality to look for. The first day we had selected up to No. 55. Mack would be among the first in the next day's selection. When it came dark I felt safe. I was on third relief stable guard, from 2 o'clock until 6 in the morning. When morning came there was no danger that any of the boys would select a dirty-looking old "plug" with sore eyes, that stood at the end of the line. One of the boys suspicioned me of hiding a horse for Mack. George Adams, whose number was 59, when his name was called, came to me and said: "Look here; now, I know you have one horse hid somewhere for John Mack. It ain't fair. I want you to bring that horse out and tie him on the line, so we all can see him."

I told him the horses were all on the line, but he got stubborn about it. The captain happened along just then, and George complained to him that I was hiding a good horse for Mack. I told George to select his horse and give Mack a chance, and if he got a horse that was not on the line he could take him if he wanted him. The captain then told George to select his horses. George went up and down the line, and finally selected about the last one I would have picked on of the lot, and led him out. As soon as George led his horse out Mack was called. He went to his miserable looking old sore-eyed "plug" at the end of the line, hopped on his back (with nothing but the halter on) and the wretched-looking horse ran away with him.

"There," blurted out George, "I told you so. I knew there was some shenanigan. Dan had that horse doctored, so none of us would see that was the best horse on the line." The captain laughed outright at George, and I had to laugh myself, at which George began to storm and rave, saying he had not been well treated. Orcey Root, tried to quiet him by saying that the "old Shack" Mack had taken was nothing but a "rack of bones," anyway. "Yes, rack of bones," whimpered George. "You will soon see he is the best horse in the company. I thought all the time it was kind of strange he was all plastered up with mud out there on the end of the line. He looked so bad I thought Gibbens had condemned him and would not let anyone take him. It's some of their sharp tricks."

The more George went on about its being some of our sharp practice, the more laughter he created. The captain wanted to know whether George knew positively that there had been any unfair advantage taken, or if it were not possible the horse did the mischief himself, by rolling in the mud.

"No!" shouted George. "What in thunder do you suppose that old bony cuss would want to roll for?"

By this time Mack had returned with his fractious bony horse. Capt. Beard having heard part of the racket of hiding a good horse by covering him with mud, stepped up to Mack's horse and made an examination, with these comments:

"Four years old. How is his action, Mack? Good, hey? Thin in flesh, muddy, did you say, George? Oh, no, George, he is coltish, you know, he's been to a country dance and got in a spree, like you did coming through Iowa, George, I will tell you something, if you will keep it to yourself. You fellows let a few splashes of mud blind your eyes, so you could not see a good horse. I don't feel one bit sorry for you. If you was in Co. D, I would have you in the guard-house for first making a fool of yourself, and afterwards telling us all of it."

But George did not wait to hear any more of Capt. Beard's opinion. Taking everything into consideration we had a good lot of horses. The other companies were all mounted in a few days, and in less than one month the boys were all good horsemen, as we were in the saddle and on the drill as soon as it was light in the morning, stopping only when it was too dark to operate further. My little black pacer was a dandy. I was a little afraid that he would peter out when we got down to business, when I could not give him proper attention. I had good stabling and plenty of feed, and there was no reason why our horses should not be slick. But I knew enough of the rough side of active service to know that a horse must be tough to stand much of it. Mack gave his rack of bones the name of St. Peter. Many a quiet laugh was indulged in by officers and men at the comical figure of Mack and St. Peter, for no amount of care and feed would help St. Peter's appearance one bit. On the other hand, Mack was not slow to discover that no amount of hardship could hurt the animal, either. Mack declared that St. Peter was "thar an' thar to stay, as long as any on 'em."

Dan Lewis was eternally finding "cousins." While we were in St. Louis, I think he introduced me to three different cousins, all young and rather pretty girls. I was one day with Dan at the house of one of his young lady cousins, on a visit for pleasure and recreation. We were taking a walk with Dan's cousin and a young lady acquaintance of hers. While walking demurely along, who should we meet but Capt. William Brown and Sizer Barnum, under full sail, each with a gaudily dressed girl hanging on their arms. When we returned to quarters William was there all right. Dan hailed him with: "Say, Cap, who was that lady swinging on your arm down town to-day?" Quick as thought William answered: "Vy, dot vos mine gousens. Dit you tink you hat all te nice gousens tere vos? Not mooch. Dot vos mine gousen."

Dan had nothing more to say.

Captain William Brown was seldom unprepared with an answer for anything that smacked of saacasm. Cap was on the roll as "Brown 1st," there being another Brown in the company. But Brown 2d was promoted as one of our duty sergeants. One morning Sergt. Brown inadvertantly called out, "Take your place in the ranks, Private Brown." After that cap. said he had lost his number; he was not Brown 1st any more. "I vas dot leetle cus, Private Prown, py tam!"

After the battle of Belmont the shattered remnant of the 7th Iowa came to Benton Barracks to recuperate. When the torn and rended heroes of the 7th marched by, it set our boys wild for the order to go to the front. Scarcely a man in the 7th but could show bullet holes in his garments, not a few cutting into the flesh. We had not long to wait for the order: it came like a whirlwind.—DAN KNIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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So Near, and Yet So Far!

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Our regiment, the 14th Iowa Infantry, at one time in the summer and fall of 1863, was camped at Fort Halleck, Columbus, Ky., while there a soldier was drummed out of service. Who he was and what his crime was I have forgotten. Three negroes were hung there for murdering an old man and a young lady at Island No. 10, I think. We were sent from Columbus to Vicksburg, Miss. From there, on the Meridian raid, we started out on ten days' rations. We were gone 30 days. On our return our hardtack and pork was exhausted, and when next we came to Pearl river the provision train came along. We were on one side of the river, and plenty of United States rations were on the other side; but part of our pontoons had sunk, and there we lay, in sight of plenty, but could get nothing. I saw hardtack sell there for $1 each. At last, however, we succeeded in landing on the side of plenty. From there we went up the Red river, in March and April, 1864, under command of Gen. A. J. Smith, to meet Gen. Banks at Alexandria, La. Then we all started up the river. We went as far as Pleasant Hill, La., where we had a hard fight; and we saw plenty of dead cavalrymen on that battlefield. I think they were mostly Texas troops; their uniforms were all colors. Wake up, old 14th, and visit the Camp Fire.—BEN VAN DYKE, Co. D, 14th Iowa Inft.

Gen. Hovey's Speech.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On March 4, 1863, Gen. Quinby's Div. passed down the Yazoo Pass, for the purpose of clearing the rebels out of Greenwood, and on the 18th Gen. Quinby's Div. attacked the enemy at Greenwood and was repulsed. [If some comrade who was present at that engagement under Quinby would write up the particulars of the above engagement, he would confer a great favor upon many comrades who were near by, but not eyewitnesses of that conflict.] On March 26 we received another installment of greenbacks. We were drilling division drill. Gen. Hovey commanded the 3d Div., 13th A. C., composed of the 11th, 24th, 46th Ind. Regts., and the 29th Wisconsin for the 1st Brig., commanded by Gen. George McGinness. The 2d brigade was composed of the 24th and 28th Iowa, the 34th and 47th Ind., and the 56th Ohio, commanded by Col. Slack. On the day mentioned, after we were done drilling, Gen. McGinness formed the 1st brigade in a hollow square, and Gen. A. P. Hovey then made a speech. He said:

FELLOW SOLDIERS:—I am proud of you. You are now well drilled and spoiling for a fight. I see upon your faces what I have seen tried. There are men here who were with me at Shiloh, in Tennessee, where the field of battle was composed of twelve square miles, and never saw one of them flinch. And now, soldiers, I want you to prepare to enact the field of Shiloh over again. I am sure it would suit you much better than so much inactivy. I have confidence in you. I would not be afraid to charge the gates of hell with you, for where I would lead I'm sure you would follow. Soldiers, let us put down this unholy rebellion, or perish in the attempt. The eyes of the whole world are upon us. Let us teach foreign croakers and demagogues, home traitors, peace sneaks, and the whole tribe of fiends incarnate that Americans are able to govern themselves, and willing, if need be, to die in the attempt, to accomplish just such an end. [Cheers, and "Bully for Gen. Hovey!" Yes, soldiers, your patriotic enthusiasm speaks louder than words. Gen. Logan has said, which, God willing, we'll soon hear in and around Vicksburg. It tells me that the 3d Division, 13th Army Corps, is about to add a few more shining pages to the history of this bloody rebellion. Soldiers, adieu!

During the delivery of this speech many were the hands hands that tightened their grip upon the stocks of their rifles, and the gleam of determination lighted up many eyes. Three times three cheers went up for our proud commander, Gen. A. P. Hovey. And I venture to say many were the tears shed by the veterans of the 3d division when they received the news of the death of their beloved commander, last week.—LEW JESSUP.

Missed His Man.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—At the age of 15 years I enlisted in Co. K, 3d West Va. Cav. In January, 1864, while our company was stationed at Hurricane bridge, one night the pickets fired an alarm. The bugle quickly sounded "boots and saddles," the boys rolled out of their bunks, drew on their frozen boots, and Capt. D. B. Wolfe gave the command, "Fall in," and we were soon in marching column.

When we reached the post I began looking for bushwhackers. I saw one standing in a fence corner, and at the crack of my carbine the man disappeared. The next morning I went back to see whether I had killed him. I discovered, upon examination, that the ball from my carbine had passed through the next to the top rail, but no reb, no blood, no tracks decorated the battle ground. Now, boys, you can have your funatum by the wholesale, but the enactment is true, and I was not excited in the least.—W. M. A., 1st Kas. Lt. Art'y.

Led the Van.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was with the regiment at Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth and through Georgia to Atlanta. I was with the regiment when Gen. McPherson fell, July 22, 1863. He who says that the 16th Corps was the cause of McPherson's death must have been where the balls were the thickest—under the ammunition wagons, or waiting for a "grapevine dispatch." After we left Tennessee we were with Kilpatrick scouting, for the 16th Corps went from Chattanooga down through Georgia to Atlanta, and led the van through the Snake creek gap and could have gone to Richmond, had it not been for a few of John's stragglers on the way. It seems as if the boys of my regiment don't care to be talked about. I may be the last survivor of the regiment; if so, I will apply for me commission as colonel, being the oldest in the ranks.—JAMES GLENN, Co. F, 9th Ills Inft.

Comrades, Attention!

We call the attention of all comrades to the announcement of our new story on the 4th page of this issue, and to the call for names to whom to mail sample copies. Every reader of the CAMP FIRE, we are sure will do all he can to aid us in extending THE BLADE'S circulation. Send us the names of every one who wants a good national weekly paper, and send all the names you can. They need not be all at the same post-office. Send us lists *at once!* We want a million names!

Small Shot.

W. M. C., Findlay, O.:—Have not the song you ask for, and do not know where it can be obtained.

Comrade Charles F. M. Guernsey, Co. E, 72d O. V. V. I., rises to remark:—"I served from November 9, 1861, to June 22, 1865. Was in several battles and not a few skirmishes; was taken prisoner at the battle of Guntown, Miss., and was a prisoner nearly one year, where I was starved and nearly eaten up by the graybacks, as were all who boarded at Andersonville. I lost my health while there and at other prisons of Rebeldom. I am forgetting, as many others are; but forgive, never! I hope to hear from 'boys' of the 72d."

C. F. M. G.:—Gen. Buckland now resides at Fremont, Ohio.

Information Wanted.

☞Requests of this sort will be inserted in the department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

WANTED—Postoffice address of any comrade of G Troop, 8th U. S. Cav., regular army, who served with me at Ft. Clark, Texas, in 1883.—MILES W. FARMER, Jonesboro, Ills.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It purifies, vitalizes, invigorates, and enriches the blood.

Has Cured Others will cure you.

The Sunday School.

Christ Risen.

LESSON XI., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1891.

Golden Text: It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again.—Rom. 8:34.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 20:1-18.)

1. The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

2. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

3. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

4. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

5. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

6. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie,

7. And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

8. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw and believed.

9. For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

10. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

11. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

12. And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

15. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

17. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

18. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

While it is yet dark (v. 1). The hour just before daylight often seems the darkest hour of the night; not because the coming dawn is realized as at hand, but because the prolonged darkness has accumulated density, as it were, during all the dragging night hours. And so it is yet dark even when the power of darkness is at the very point of giving way. Darkness itself has light for the child of God, if thus looked at. The darker it is, the more hope it brings to him. When the father of the demon-possessed child was bringing his son to Jesus for his cure, "as he was yet a coming, the devil dashed him down, and tare him grievously." Similarly it is in the case of many a demon possessed child. It is while his cure is just at hand that he seems most under the power of an evil spirit. There is comfort in this thought to the faith-filled parent or teacher—comfort from symptoms that would otherwise cause despair. And there is comfort to every child of God groping in thick darkness—just before dawn.

They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him (v. 2). And so Mary Magdalene was ready to mourn as a loss the missing body of her Lord, when, in fact, she had never such reason for rejoicing as in the truth that the tomb she had come to was now empty. There is a great deal of misdirected mourning of this sort in the world. Men bewail as a loss that which is chiefest among their gains. An empty crib or a vacant chair prompts tears to longing eyes, when, if those eyes could follow the missing one, the whole soul would overflow in joy. Even an empty treasure-chest may be a token of enlarged blessing to him who would fain fill his eyes there with the old familiar symbols of death. Before we give ourselves to sorrow that a vault is now vacant, let us be sure that we know it would be better if it were still occupied as formerly.

They ran both together (v. 4.) A common sorrow brings friends into closer sympathy than they knew before. Peter and John do not seem to have been as intimate prior to that night of the betrayal and arrest of their common Master as they were thenceforward. Up to that time it was Peter and Andrew, James and John. If a common sorrow tends to promote such a union as theirs, with its results of good to so many, there is new light out of the darkness of grief to the followers of Jesus.

Two angels. They say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Jesus saith unto them, Woman, why weepest thou? (vs. 12-15). There is comfort to the sorrowing one in the thought that the angels have an interest in his tears; and yet more in the thought that his Savior is touched with a sense of his grief. And if the angels from heaven, and the risen Lord of glory, could feel it was well for them to ask a sad hearted mourner, "Woman, why weepest thou?" shall any one of us feel that it is out of his province of loving service for Christ to show a similar interest in those who mourn? In fact, the more we are like the Savior and his angels, the readier we shall be to ask just such a question as this in its place.

Beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus (v. 14). How many weeping ones since the days of Mary have failed to know that Jesus stood by them ready to stay their tears, or to remove the cause of those tears, if they would but recognize him! If Mary had looked up with the eyes of faith, assured that Jesus was risen from the dead, according to his promise, she would have been readier to recognize her Lord. It is only by the eye of faith that Jesus can ever be seen through flowing tears. But the difficulty is with the one who looks, and not with Him who stands with proffered comfort waiting to be recognized.

Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord; and how that he had said these things unto her (v. 18). He who has good news ought share it with those whom it would benefit. It is cruel to allow others to weep when a word of cheer from us might dry their tears. Silence is a sin when speech would soothe an aching heart, or when it would point safely to an imperiled one. Jesus commissions those who love him to be witnesses for him. Hence all that Jesus imparts to us, of counsel or of comfort, we ought to make known to others. Whatever question there may be in any mind as to woman's place in Christian work, it is clear that every woman who can bear witness to the truth that Jesus is her Savior, has a mission like that of Mary Magdalene, to tell it to others who might be without that knowledge if she did not declare it.—[H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

Better Living in England.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, speaking of the increase of comfort in England, says: "The one evil is the trying strain of expense to which an extremely high standard of living subjects all except the rich. It keeps all current expenses high, and weighs, therefore, pitilessly on those who must be refined and have not large, independent means." Perhaps there is nothing in which public opinion so much needs regenerating as the unjust way in which she bestows her frowns upon honest economy and her smiles upon dishonorable expenditure.

Photographed by Lightning.

On a pane of glass in the window of a dwelling in Argyle, Washington county, N. Y., there is an excellent picture of an old lady phopographed by lightning during a storm in July, 1883.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

ASKED TO RESIGN.

One winter day by the fireside
The aged parson mused,
And his fingers idly turned the leaves
Of his Bible often used,
While upon the floor beside his chair,
For the time forgotten lay
A letter that had been sent to him
By the vestry men that day.

His wife, who ever in all his cares
Had borne a helpmeet's share,
With tender look and kindly word,
Was standing by his chair.
"We should not complain or murmur
At our part in Heaven's plan,"
Said she, slowly, calm and trusting,
"If they want a younger man."

He straightened up, and as a flash
Of fire beamed in his eye,
His voice was deep and mellow
As to her he made reply.

'Tis many a year since first I came
With you, my blushing bride,
And day by day we've traveled on
Together, side by side.
The road's been rough and rugged
All through the stretch of years
But we never faltered on it,
Though we've sprinkled it with tears.

I've made their pleasures one with mine,
In their sorrows I have wept,
I've joined their hands in the wedding vow,
By the pledges troth kept.
I've stood beside the black draped bier
And prayed o'er the senseless clay,
Yet now when age is on me,
I am asked to go away.

I've shown the way the Savior trod,
To many an erring man,
And earnestly plead with many more
To accept salvation's plan.
I have served God with fervor,
And to His word I hold,
He will not discard a servant
When he's broken down and old.

Yes, bow our heads to what betide,
Though sometimes faith is weak,
And the burden is not taken
With a spirit calm and meek;
Consolation's apt to linger
When a man's too old to preach,
And his treasures up in Heaven
Seem so far beyond his reach.

—[Texas Siftings.

DON'T RUN THE RISK of your Cold getting well of itself—you may thereby drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent tendency, which may give you years of trouble. Better cure your Cold at once with the help of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good healing medicine for all Coughs, Sore Lungs and Throat.

The Bank Teller's Dream.

St. Peter—"You were a bank-teller, were you not?"

New Arrival—"Yes, St. Peter.

St. Peter—"Well, people are arriving here by the million billion from all the inhabited planets in the universe. Just trot around among them and hunt up somebody to identify you."—[New York Weekly.

The Boarder's Bon Mot.

"These eggs you say are scrambled, ma'am?"
His eyes the same had rambled o'er—
"They rather look as if they'd been
Promiscuously scrambled for."
—[Green Grocer.

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many women suffer from Excessive or Scant Menstruation; they don't know who to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try

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a Specific for PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED and IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1891.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 118,000.

WHO IS YOUR CANDIDATE

FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

Send Us Your Card, and Express Your Views as to the Man to Nominate Next Year.

The postal cards are coming in upon us in showers. We desire a larger vote than we had in 1887, if possible. Get the preference of every Republican voter in your neighborhood and send it.

We are getting some cards without names or addresses. We can not use them. Give name, postoffice and state, in every case.

You can send your vote in a letter, if you are writing to us on any other subject; but use a separate slip of paper, and be sure to put your name and address on it, or the person in charge of the vote can not use it.

We can say with entire truth that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

> SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
> 1.—Here put 1st choice.
> 2.—Here put 2d choice.
> HENRY W. JOHNSON.

We wish every voter who reads THE BLADE to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country.

Send us your postal card at once!

THE TORY PROGRAMME.

The outcome of the English conservative conference, at Birmingham, is somewhat singular. The programme which it laid down—corresponding to an American party platform—is so radical that it is an entire departure from the old landmarks of Toryism. The Tories are endeavoring to go even beyond the Liberals in their appeal to the voters, and to sacrifice principle to retain their hold upon power. The resolutions adopted covered the following points:

Promising "serious consideration" to woman suffrage;

Favoring a labor department in the government, under control of a Minister of Labor in the Cabinet;

Advocating the use of the national credit to attain ownership of land by agricultural laborers in Great Britain;

Approving the candidacy of labor representatives for Parliament, on non-partisan lines;

Declaring for reform in the ballot and registration laws—a bid for the labor vote.

The line of battle is drawn by a declaration in opposition to disestablishment, and to Home Rule for Ireland. The programme means that the Tories are trying to win by granting everything except Home Rule for Ireland and the disestablishment of the Church of England.

THERE is one woman this country who wants the earth, and she is MRS. MARY E. HUNT. But she wants it for scientific temperance education, and she is getting it. Not only every state in the United States, save nine, but the government of other countries have adopted virtually, if not literally, her motto, "The star of hope of the temperance reform hangs over the schoolhouse." Sweden has just joined the ranks with a newly-enacted temperance education law, and other countries, both in Europe and Asia, are preparing to fall into line.

THE troubles in China have now taken the form of a revolt against the Mantchu dynasty, which has ruled the Chinese people since the year 1645. For two and a half centuries the Chinese, or at least the patriotic portion of that strange people, have schemed and plotted intermittently, in the hope of delivering themselves from the Tartar yoke. It remains to be seen whether the attempt will be any more successful than former ones.

THE Democrats are trying to play the "sneak act" on the silver question, as they have done times without number on every public question that has come up. VEST, of Missouri, shows this when he says:

> Every Democrat should be willing to *postpone the silver question if it be necessary to prevent Republican success; we can take up the question of free coinage hereafter, if power can be wrested from the Republicans.*

THE sugar schedule is worrying the free trade Democrats. They can not cut duties on competing articles without reimposing a duty on sugar to keep the revenue up to the government's needs; and they know that the people will not stand a duty on this prime necessity of life.

THE STRENGTH OF THE SALOON.

We often hear remarks about the vote of the liquor element, or the "saloon vote," as it is familiarly called. In many cases, it seems to be no inconsiderable fraction of the entire voting population. Of what class or classes of citizens does this saloon vote consist? It is plain that it is larger than the number of persons engaged, both directly and indirectly, in the sale of liquor. The voting strength of these, in any specified locality, is but a fractional per cent of the total number of voters. In an entire state, these men are not numerous enough to affect the result in any case, if voting by themselves, without aid from others.

From whom does this aid come, then, which gives to the saloon vote its numerical strength? Who compose the sometimes numerous class of citizens who show their sympathy with the liquor traffic by giving it their support at the polls? This is a question which has not had the attention given that it deserves at the hands of temperance men. If at the polls the line were drawn with only those who are engaged in the traffic on the one hand, and all other citizens on the other, it is plain that Rum would meet with a crushing defeat every time.

Probably the thought of those whose attention is drawn to this point for the first time is that the allies of the saloon are composed of the low and vicious class of men who are hangers-on around the lower sort of gin-mills and beer saloons. But their numbers are not sufficient, even when combined with the votes named above, to give the voting strength that the saloon displays far too often, when it is menaced by legislation.

The real strength of the saloon, not only at the polls but in the community, is in a more or less numerous class of people who belong to the category of "respectable citizens." They do not want the saloons abolished, nor interfered with in any way. They are the backbone of the saloon vote, and they are a large factor in public opinion hostile to the execution of all regulative or restrictive measures, such as Sunday closing laws, or other statutes of that nature.

It is obvious that a saloon cannot long exist unless it has patronage. As soon as it ceases to be profitable, it is closed. To be profitable, it must have enough customers to make it so. They must be men who have money, which they are willing to spend over the bar. It is these respectable drinkers who keep up the saloons; it is they who give the saloon their moral support; it is they who are largely responsible for the evasion or open defiance of restrictive or prohibitory laws; and it is they who must be largely brought over to the support of temperance legislation in any community before it will or can be made thoroughly effective for the purpose it was designed to effect.

There is no use of prohibitory legislation so long as this element is at all numerous in a community. With its tacit encouragement, the law will be defied or evaded, according to the strength of this element of opposition. The work which must be the initial effort of friends of prohibition must be an educational one, with this very class for its objective point. We know this is difficult, slow and unpleasant. It is so much easier for your professional agitator to stand in a pulpit or on a platform, before an audience which sympathizes with him, and abuse voters because they do not abjure their political affiliations, and join the political prohibitionists. It is sweet to receive the incense of applause from those who think in the same way; it is so much easier and pleasanter than to go to a man and, in a Christian spirit endeavor to lead him to see the error of his ways. But this work, even if unpleasant, is the first in line if we are to be successful in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send *only* on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE brazen steal of a majority in the New York legislature by the Democrats, under the control and management of DAVID BOTHOFFICES HILL, has aroused a storm all over the state. The thing was systematically done. As soon as the polls closed, a watch was put on every district, and wherever the Republican had a narrow majority, preparations were at once begun to steal his seat. These tactics seem to have been successful. HILL has managed to obtain a majority for his party in that body. The Republicans of New York stand before the nation in the unenviable light of having failed in their duty to their state and to their party, as well as to themselves. They allowed the state to go by default when victory was within their grasp; for the diminished Democratic vote in the city of New York rendered a sweeping Republican victory certain if the party in the country districts had turned out in force at the polls. They could have elected their governor, and had a decisive majority in the legislature as well.

SWITZERLAND is in a bad way because of her low tariff policy. A recent report from the little mountain republic says that business of all kinds is suffering, bankruptcy is prevalent, and the thrifty and industrious working classes hardly obtain means to live. The Swiss ascribe this condition of affairs to the long period of low tariff, which has made their country a "market of the world," while other markets have been closed in by protective tariffs against the products of Switzerland. The people have grown tired of this condition of things, and are preparing to adopt a protective policy, thus assuring prosperity to her people. The present state of Switzerland is an object-lesson to the American people, and a warning as well.

IT is a matter of sincere regret that the winds and currents of the Gulf are too much for the government engineers who have been working to dredge a channel through the outer bar at Galveston, in an effort to make a deep-water harbor. The $2,250,000 spent there is said to have been practically without benefit. The outer bar is re-made by the winds and waves as fast as it is dredged out. This is a misfortune for the Southwest; for a deep-water harbor at Galveston would be of the greatest value to the planters and merchants of that section.

IF lynching were ever justifiable, it would be so in the case of the Kansas City kidnapers, who stole "BEBE junior" for a ransom. The punishment ought to be severe enough to deter any other scoundrels from the commission of a similar crime.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We have not offered a sewing machine in connection with the Weekly BLADE for three years past. There has, however, been a constant demand, and we long since saw the importance of getting one to use with the Weekly BLADE, but until now have been unable to find one good enough. But we have succeeded at last. We now have the best sewing machine ever offered with a paper, and one as good as the highest-priced machine ever put upon the market.

This machine is new, simple and perfect. It has a high arm, and every convenience for rapid and effective work found in any other machine now on the market. In point of fact, we believe it is not only equal to, but in advance of all others. We could not afford to offer it to our subscribers if it were not the best.

We might have made this announcement a little earlier, but we deemed it best to wait until everything was in perfect order, and we were ready to ship machines as soon as the order was received, thus avoiding all delay. We are now prepared to ship 50 machines per day, and by the holidays will undoubtedly have to do so.

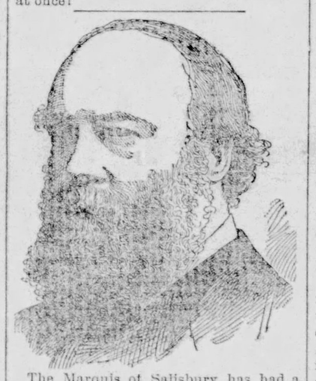
The rate at which we offer it—$18 for the new Blade Sewing Machine and one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year—is $4 cheaper than any machine offered with any other newspaper. Yet we are certain that our machine is worth double any other newspaper machine.

The most remarkable part of our offer is, that we give a machine free for 30 yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, accompanied by $30. We do not require these these names all to be sent in at once. They may be sent us in installments, each part numbered consecutively. As soon as we have received 30 names and $30, we will immediately ship the machine.

It will be found extremely easy for any young lady, wife or mother to raise a club of 30 names at a dollar each, in a week or ten days' time. We also call the attention of charitable organizations to the fact that they can thus easily put a machine into the hands of any poor, worthy seamstress, too many of whom, unfortunately, are to be found in any community.

Everything about the new Blade Sewing Machine will be found exactly as represented in the advertisement given elsewhere. If it does not prove so after you get the machine, all you need do is notify us that the machine is not satisfactory. We shall then order it returned and refund the money, unless you desire us to send another in its place. Hence a subscriber is at positively no risk whatever.

We are selling this machine without any profit whatever, simply in the interest of increasing the subscription list to the Weekly BLADE. While the offer of the machine for 30 names and $30 will only net us a small amount for each subscription to the paper—much less than the cost—yet we hope for hundreds of such orders. We would much sooner sell the machine in that way than to single subscribers. Send in your orders at once!



The Marquis of Salisbury has had a long and distinguished career in the diplomatic and ministerial service of Great Britain, and has for several years served as prime minister to Queen Victoria. But if the marquis wanted to learn anything about the history of his venerable mistress, or if the queen desired to find out when and where Salisbury was born or how he had distinguished himself, he or she would look in vain in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

But American enterprise and common sense has provided a work in the shape of the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica, which is respectfully commended to the distinguished persons named as well as to the sovereign people of the United States, and which tells for the benefit of all, the histories of every prominent person of the age.

This work, at once the most complete, reliable and modern of encyclopædias, is offered at a price so low as to place it in every home. Its ten handsome volumes form a library in themselves and contain within their covers the most recent and reliable information upon every conceivable subject. The latest development of inventive science, the history of the United States and of its individual components, its manufactures and commerce, the story of the world to-day—all are told in this splendid contribution to human knowledge. Read our offer of this splendid work on 7th page.

ROGER QUARLES MILLS says "the first thing the new House of Representatives will do will be to repeal the duty on tin plate." We mention this because it will not be done. Of course, if the House did so, the bill would never pass the Senate; nor would the President sign such a measure, if it should. All that the Democratic free trade cranks in the House can do is to frighten business men from investing their money in the erection of tin plate plants. The tariff agitation has lost the American people hundreds of millions of dollars in the past seven years by checking the investment of money in the erection of new manufacturing plants, and in the extension of those already existing.

FROM all over the West comes a complaint of a car famine. Not enough cars can be had for the transportation of grain to the seaboard. The difficulty is a very serious one, and the most exasperating circumstance about it is that there are undoubtedly enough cars for all purposes, but they are not returned promptly from points to which they are dispatched. The railroad man who will invent some effective system for quickening the return movement of freight cars will find fame and fortune awaiting him.

MR. BALFOUR took occasion, in a recent speech in Glasgow, to declare empatically that the future will never bring home rule to Ireland. Mr. BALFOUR was evidently giving expression to his wish, rather than taking the probabilities into account. Home rule for Ireland is coming, slowly but surely. Even English conservatism can not long stand against the progress of the age.

THE condition of England must indeed be serious when her bonds sell for only 93 in London, despite every effort to push them higher.

"THE IMPENDING POLITICAL EPOCH."

Hon. JAMES M. ASHLEY, of this city, on November 9, delivered an address before the Ohio Society of New York, on "The Impending Political Epoch," in which he discussed the defects and shortcomings of the national constitution, and proposed remedies. At the request of the Society, through Gen. WAGER SWAYNE, its president, the address has been printed in pamphlet form by the Evening Post company, New York city. It should be read by every thoughtful American citizen.

These defects are, briefly stated: The system of party nominations by conventions, by which often a minority of a party, and a very small minority in many cases, practically decides who shall be the nominee; the abuse of power by the Senate and House of Representatives, through their having authority conferred upon them to decide the election of their own members; the election of President and Senators by intermediate bodies between these offices and the people, and the possible dangers from the Vice Presidency. The objects to be accomplished by the plan Governor ASHLEY has elaborated are as follows:

First—The nomination and election of the President by the direct vote of the people of the nation.

Second—The nomination and election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people of each state.

Third—The nomination and election of Representatives in Congress in a manner which secures to the majority and the minority votes of each state equitable and proportional representation in Congress.

Fourth—The abolition of all control of national elections by the national government. This proposition is entirely new, and will remove entirely all fear of centralization of power by the federal government.

These objects are to be secured, according to Governor ASHLEY'S plan, by the following methods:

First—The abolition of the antiquated and ineffective machinery of the electoral college.

Second—The abolition of the power of state legislatures to appoint Presidential electors themselves, or by any method they shall deem proper to use.

Third—The abolition of the power of the House of Representatives to choose a President when there has been no election by electors.

Fourth—The abolition of the authority of state legislatures to elect United States Senators.

Fifth—The abolition of all national nominating conventions.

Sixth—The abolition of the office of Vice President.

Seventh—The abolition of the power of the Senate and the House of Representatives of deciding on the qualifications and elections of their own members.

Eighth—The creation of a National College of Deputies, to be elected by the duly qualified national voters in the several states, whose powers and duties shall be to conduct all national elections in their respective states, and to fill all vacancies that may from time to time happen by the death of the President of the United States or of Senators or Representatives.

This last proposition is of overwhelming importance. The need of having some absolute power outside of Congress to decide on the election and qualifications of members of both houses of Congress has often arisen, to prevent partisan unfairness; and the lack of such a body brought on the dangerous crisis of 1876 in the disputed Presidential election of that year. Such a situation could never arise with a National College of Deputies in control of the matter.

Equally important is the plan of voting for Representatives in Congress. To illustrate the proposed method: Ohio is entitled to 21 Representatives. Gov. ASHLEY would have the state divided into four districts, as nearly equal in population as may be, each district to elect five Representatives; the twenty-first to be elected by the state at large. This would give each voter a vote for five Representatives. He may either vote for five different candidates, or mass his five votes for one candidate, or divide them among two, or three, or four candidates. This cumulative plan of voting is the means whereby the minority party could secure its proportionate representation in Congress.

Not less important is the means whereby party nominating conventions and their abuses are proposed to be abolished. This is to be done by having two elections. At the first, each voter casts his ballot for any man he prefers for President. The ballot is to be absolutely secret, and the National College of Deputies is to canvass the returns from the whole Union, certifying the result, and the votes for each. The four men having the highest number of votes are to be the candidates to be voted for at the second election, and the one receiving the highest number of votes is to be the President.

This is the merest outline of the reforms proposed, which are discussed by Gov. ASHLEY in his usual clear and convincing manner. The whole matter is worthy the most careful study and consideration by every American citizen. The fact cannot be concealed that we have outgrown to some extent the constitution framed a century ago. It requires revision and remodeling to make it adequate to the needs of the country in the future, and the greater our population the greater the necessity for this work of revision. The time has come when it must be done. Gov. ASHLEY has made the first move toward beginning this needed work.

THE number of voters in Ohio who imagined that putting a cross opposite the name of the candidate for governor meant a straight ticket, was exactly 30,949. This is shown by the official return of votes. The following shows the number of votes each of the two candidates for governor received more than any one else on his ticket:

McKinley	15,313
Campbell	15,333
Total	30,949

It seems incredible, after all that was said about marking opposite the words, "Republican Ticket," or "Democratic Ticket," as the case might be—that nearly 31,000 voters mistakenly marked the *head* of the ticket instead of the *name* of the ticket.

NORWAY is in a ferment against Sweden, and looking to Denmark for sympathy and aid. These double-team kingdoms composed of two differing nationalities yoked under one ruler, are not successes. Austria-Hungary is another case in point. When FRANZ JOSEF dies, there will be trouble with the Hungarians.

FONSECA was turned out of office as promptly and as quietly as was poor old Dom PEDRO. It is a matter of sincere rejoicing that the Brazilians are determined to preserve the republic. And it is a matter of special rejoicing that the scheme against reciprocal trade with the United States has thus promptly been defeated.

ENGLAND DESERTED BY HER LAST COLONY.

We have frequently adverted to the remarkable fact that every one of England's colonial possessions throughout the world, has abandoned free trade, and adopted a protective tariff to foster its own industries, except New South Wales. That Australian colony has adhered to free trade. The result is seen in a comparison of it with its sister colony of Victoria, which is protectionist. The latter has advanced more rapidly in population and wealth, and its people are prosperous. New South Wales is burdened with a heavy debt, its people complain of hard times. Their condition is not nearly so favorable as is the case in Victoria. There is no reason for this difference between the two colonies, save their economic systems. They have the same soil, the same climate and the same people, engaged in similar occupations.

The object lesson has not been lost upon New South Wales. There has been a strong agitation for several years in favor of protection, and it has at last proved successful. The free trade ministry has just been overthrown, and Hon. G. R. DIBBS, a very strong protectionist, has been placed at the head of the government by the Labor party, which has come into power by a heavy majority. The workingmen of New South Wales understand fully that the tariff question is largely one of wages, and that to improve their own condition through better wages and steady work, a protective tariff is a necessity.

Of course England is agitated over this desertion of her last free trade colony. As Premier SALISBURY said at the Lord Mayor's banquet, England now stands alone in the world as a free trade country. The London press is predicting all sorts of calamities to come to New South Wales by this change of policy. Let us wait and watch, to see this disproved. Protection has proved a means of prosperity to every country which has thoroughly tried it, and New South Wales will be no exception to the rule.

ONE YEAR OF THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

The Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury department has just issued its statement of our commerce for the twelve months ended October 31, thus covering one full year under the workings of the new tariff law, which went into operation on October 6, 1890. These official statistics are highly important, as they refute entirely the leading charge of the free traders as to the effect of that measure on our foreign trade. This was, that it would curtail our foreign trade.

To disprove this, here are the figures for the year just closed, ended October 31, as compared with the figures for the previous year:

MERCHANDISE EXPORTS.

1890-91	$927,923,655
1889-90	860,377,315
Increase under new law	$ 67,589,340

Nor has the increase been confined to our exports. The figures give the lie to the free trade assertion that the exports of the country would be injured by the new law—that nations would not buy of us because of what the free traders call "the tariff wall." Look at this statement:

MERCHANDISE IMPORTS.

1890-91	$ 818,961,750
1889-90	817,270,515
Increase under new law	$ 1,691,235

Our total foreign trade, therefore, for the past year, compared with the previous one, is as follows:

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

1890-91	$1,746,928,405
1889-90	1,677,647,830
Increase under new law	$ 69,280,575

It is a fact to be remembered in this connection that the foreign trade of the United States for the previous year—the last under the old tariff law—was the heaviest in volume of any year n our history. This was due to the enormous imports of foreign goods, rushed over in the period between the enactment of the new law and the date at which it went into operation. Yet in spite of this, consider that under the new law our foreign trade has, in its first year, exceeded the best previous record by over sixty million dollars!

The balance of trade for these two years makes an equally favorable showing. In both years it was in our favor. Here is the balance for each year:

1890-91	$100,004,915
1889-90	43,366,800

The new law justifies itself by its works. It has increased our exports; it has increased our imports; it has not increased the retail cost of any manufactured article of necessity to our people; it has caused an increase in our manufactures, thus giving employment to more of our people; it has done good to the nation, and has injured no American citizen, be he workingman or farmer. Why not, then, pay due credit to the men and the party who elaborated and passed this law, and give it a further trial, to see if it will not work still better as the years go on?

THERE are thirty-six tons of cents, embracing 10,400 bags of 1,000 each, piled up in the sub-treasury in New York, the result of the penny-in-the-slot machines, which are all, or nearly all, owned in that city. Hence the cents gathered up all over the country are collected in New York, and congest the market. The treasury officials are puzzled to know how to get them again back into circulation.

THE Ohio Agricultural Experiment station has outgrown its grounds at Ohio State University, Columbus, and will be removed to a 466-acre farm near Wooster, Wayne county. The land of Wayne is magnificent for agricultural purposes, and the Experiment station will enter on an enlarged career of usefulness when it gets settled in its new quarters.

THERE was a gleam of returning reason in the Denver mining convention when it advocated raising the coinage ratio of silver from 16 to 1, as it is now, to 18 to 1. That would be a good move, if it were carried to about 22 to 1. That would put a dollar's worth of silver in the standard dollar, and open the door to free silver coinage at once.

WHY do people in this country talk of "pennies" when they mean cents? There is no penny coined in the United States; and the English penny is equivalent in value to our 2 cent piece. To speak of a cent as a "penny" is a bit of Anglomaniac nonsense.

NO wonder FONSECA resigned without any trouble. The army and navy both revolted against his dictatorship; the army had control of Rio Janeiro, and the navy was ready to bombard it.

CHILE has appropriated $3000,000 to meet the expenses of her national exhibit at the World's Fair. That means that she doesn't propose to quarrel with us.

NEXT Monday Congress convenes, and the President's message will be the prime topic of political interest.

THE Tammany tiger seems to have bitten a large chunk out of Mr. MILLS' boom for speaker.

THE LATIN UNION.

According to the London *Financial Times*, the permanency in the decline of silver is being recognized in France, and it quotes OTTOMAR HAUPT, who is undoubted authority, that this will lead to a practical dissolution of the Latin Union. France is the mainstay of the Union. The last treaty among the countries composing the Union was made in 1885, and contains a stipulation, inserted in the interests of France, of which she is about to avail herself.

It is to be remembered that each nation of the Union has a monetary unit corresponding with the French franc in value, and, of course, containing the same amount of metal, though called by a different name, in some of them. It is named the franc in France, Belgium and Switzerland, the lira in Italy, and the drachma in Greece. Each nation is allowed to coin a specified amount of silver if it shall choose; it may coin less, but it must not coin more. These coins circulate freely in all the countries of the Union, at their face value, under the treaty creating the Union.

The stipulation of the treaty of 1885, above referred to, is that France shall have the right to demand the redemption, in gold, of half the amount of silver pieces of the five-franc type, issued by the other nations of the Union, but held in France. The right of France to demand this expires on the last day of this year. The French press has been agitating the matter, and, it is said, that government has decided to take the necessary steps to have this provision carried into effect.

This will cause considerable trouble to the other countries of the Latin Union. Italy will have to take from France about $29,000,000 in her silver five-lire pieces, and pay gold therefor. The trouble in her case is that she has not the gold, and her banks would be called on to furnish it. Belgium has outstanding some $80,000,000 in silver five-franc pieces, of which more than half is held in France. Nearly $40,000,000 of these Belgian coins have been stored for many years in the vaults of the Bank of France, ready to be shipped to the Belgian capital at any moment. It would have been rushed over here, had Congress passed a free silver coinage bill last winter. Poor little Greece coined nearly $3,000,000 in silver five-drachmai pieces, of which France holds the bulk. Switzerland, on the contrary, did not coin over one-fourth of the $5,400,000 allowed to her, and she has been wise enough to keep an ample gold reserve on hand; so she will have no trouble in redeeming her silver five-franc coins, if called on to do so by France.

If France takes this step, it will cause a dissolution of the Latin Union. This will be a distinct advantage, as matters stand, to France and Switzerland, and a corresponding detriment to the other countries named. They will have a part of their coined silver to sell, and the market for the white metal will undoubtedly suffer another decline. Then, perhaps, France and her sister nations will be more inclined to take the radical step which is urgently needed, and join with us in a readjustment of the coinage ratio of silver to gold—making, for the first time in nineteen years, its coinage value and its market value the same.

RENEW PROMPTLY!

Every subscriber to THE BLADE should renew his subscription promptly. No intelligent American citizen can afford to be without THE BLADE next year, during the great Presidential campaign. It is the only great national political weekly; its editorial pages are a mine of information and education on political issues, and it is read by men of both parties.

It is money in every man's pocket to be a subscriber to THE BLADE. There is not a subscriber but can save more than a dollar, or make more than that much, through the information contained in its pages. No intelligent man, with his wits about him, will dispute this fact.

Renew *in time!* Don't wait till the very last week of your subscription, and thus run the risk of missing a number or two.

SALISBURY TALKS AGAIN.

At Birmingham on November 24, Lord SALISBURY, the British Prime minister, made a speech, in which he referred to the depression of agriculture in Great Britain. He said:

> We have had trouble in the rural districts where no longer sound employment can be obtained as formerly. Men have to seek a desperate remedy by moving into towns. The government will devise with avidity any measure promising legitimately to increase employment for laborers either in towns or in rural districts.

He also admitted that the depressed condition of farming is due to free trade, in the following words: "The non-tillage of the land is due to the withdrawal of protection, under which the soil formerly grew wheat. Nowhere in the world will you find corn (which is the English term for all bread grains) grown without protection." For this condition of things SALISBURY does not seem to have any remedy.

Naturally one would suppose he would propose protection as a remedy; but he shrinks from this. He does not wish to be the first British Prime minister to propose the abandonment of free trade. This has caused criticism in England, where discontent is expressed at his complainings in regard to the defects of a purely free trade policy as revealed by its results, and his intimations that something was necessary to be done, while at the same time he apparently did not dare to propose that something.

PROTECTION causes Germany to prosper, despite the tremendous burden imposed on her by her military system, the false assertions of free traders to the contrary. The British minister at Berlin, who is certainly good authority for free traders, in an official report to the English Foreign office, says:

> The number of work people in Germany has increased about 3 per cent annually since 1882, and is now estimated to reach 7,000,000. Since 1885 a general rise in wages has taken place in most German industrial districts, and amounts to between 10 and 25 per cent, while the cost of the necessaries of life has decreased.

That amounts to a demonstration of the value of protection. Clip out the article, and ask the free trade theorists how they account for it.

EVER since the World's Fair was located at Chicago, there has been a steady influx of workingmen, and of persons of no regular occupation—soldiers of fortune, so to speak—all animated by the idea, that in consequence of the fair, work will be more abundant, or that it will be easier to get a living there. The result is that the city is full of men without occupation, and in many cases wages are lower on account of the abundance of unemployed labor. It is startling to learn that there are at the present some ten thousand children in Chicago who can not go to school because they have absolutely no clothes to wear. The moral is, that workingmen should keep away from Chicago so long as they can get any employment elsewhere.

Our New Story

To Begin in Three Weeks—What It Is To Be—Send Us Lists of Names for the First Number.

We will begin the publication, as soon as our present story is closed, of a new serial, by the same author. We can not give THE BLADE'S readers a better idea of what the new story will be than through the following extracts from a letter just received from the author, in response to ours, announcing the result of the vote among our readers as to who shall write the serial:

* * I do not know when I have felt such genuine pleasure as the receipt of your letter caused me. To have "For Life and Honor" so overwhelmingly appreciated by the immense constituency of the Weekly BLADE, is [illegible] honor which, believe me, I deeply and thoroughly appreciate.

I can promise your readers that the new story shall be better than the present one. The singular series of events on which its plot turns has the merit of being absolutely true. It is thus absolutely fresh and unhackneyed, and even the most inveterate story-reader will not be able to foresee "how it turns out."

The new story will have even more life and movement than "For Life and Honor;" it is necessarily, because of the chain of events on which it hinges, more full of incident, and the scene changes oftener. I believe, with all due modesty, that all your readers will be better pleased with it than with the present one.

To those who preferred a story by another author, I can only say that the new social teaches the great truth that strict adherence to the principles of Eternal Right will win in the long run; that evil deeds may bring temporary success, but that time brings vengeance to the wrong-doer as it does reward to those who adhere to the right.

You ask for the name of the new story. It is easier for me to write the story than to name it. I am now destining it on several names; and will make choice within a few days, and send it to you. * *

We received, along with the above letter, the first six chapters of the story; and they certainly more than carry out all the author says of it. It is bright, fresh, vigorous, and above all, absorbingly interesting. The style is breezy, the action rapid, the incidents new, the time the present day. It is a story of American life at the immediate moment, and we believe it will prove the very best serial THE BLADE ever published.

Special Request.

We wish to send out sample copies of the issue of THE BLADE containing it to as many persons who are not subscribers as possible. We ask every friend of THE BLADE to send us, *at once*, a list of persons, with their postoffice addresses, he knows who would like to see a copy of THE BLADE, and who are not subscribers. We will send copies of the first instalment of the new story to all such. You can get ten names, and addresses on a postal card, or can send lists in letters you may be writing to us.

Send in names *at once*—we shall begin the new story in about three weeks.

The new story, if published in book form, would make a $1.50 book. We shall publish three or four serials during the year; hence, you get more than the subscription price in this way alone. Hence, do not forget to renew in time!

THE MONKEY SHOW BEGINS.

The foolishness of the Democrats in the next House is already begun. The Speakership row is the overture to the full performance, which will open on the first Monday of December. The battle already rages between the partisans of CRISP and MILLS, and waxes hotter with each succeeding day. The virtuous and holy New York *Times*, which is a strong champion of MILLS, calls the CRISP men "the gang opposing Mr. MILLS's candidacy for the Speakership," and further refers to them as "traitors and assassins," the late SAMUEL J. RANDALL being incidentally mentioned as "the devil's advocate." And those who favor CRISP are classed as "the old, ugly and poisonous influences which have ever been exerted to balk and betray the Democratic party."

Of course the Crisp organs will not stand this sort of thing without retaliation in kind. They will "hurl back with scorn" the insinuations of the Mills organs, and by the time that Congress meets we may expect to find the temperature of our Democratic friends to be extremely high under the collar. Lacking the essential qualities of statesmanship, the Democratic contingent in Congress has always endeavored to supply their place with billingsgate and vituperation, and to conceal their lack of ability for practical legislation by a display of rhetorical fireworks. When the new House gets fairly to work, the country may expect a rarer show such as it has not witnessed in the halls of Congress for several years. When CLEVELAND was in the White House, he kept the menagerie in order by the exercise of a somewhat despotic power. There is no one now to prevent them from making a holy show of themselves, and we may expect to see the brethren indulge to their propensity for doing so to the fullest extent.

SEND US NAMES!

We want a million names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, to whom we can send sample copies. We are receiving dozens of lists every day, but it takes a good many of them, even when they contain 100 to 200 names, to make a million. Send at once, that we may mail them copies with the first instalment of the new story.

THE annual report of the National Commissioner of Education has just been issued. Commissioner HARRIS is one of the best and most experienced educators in the country, and his report is full of interest to all concerned in the education of the young. The statistics it gives present the condition of the country as regards education. From it we find that the total number of children in school in the United States is 15,736,574, besides 288,289 others in special schools of art, manual training, evening schools and Indian schools. The above is the number of children actually attending school. The total number of children of school age is put at 21,700,000. In round numbers. Hence we have over six million persons between the ages of 6 and 21 years who are not availing themselves of school privileges. The average number of school days per year—that is, of days in which school was in session—was 134½, while the average number of days each pupil was in attendance was but 87½. The commissioner estimates that the children of the United States have each seventeen weeks of schooling per year for ten years. The cost of education in the public schools is $16.51 per year for each pupil in attendance.

THE course of the *Ohio State Journal* in the Senatorial matter has been marked by a singular degree of what can only be deemed personal spleen and malice toward Mr. FORAKER. Its editorials on this subject must certainly be written by the Democratic members of the State Journal company. It is not an improbable thing that the live Republicans of Ohio may demand a simon-pure Republican organ at the state capital, owned by Republicans, and not by a railroad syndicate whose leading members are Democrats.

CURRENT EVENTS

New York has 5,000 union female hotel hands.

Shelton, Conn., makes 2,500,000 postal cards daily.

Vanderbilt paid a doctor $10,000 to go to Europe with him.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has 15,000 members.

Hamburg bakers lost a seventeen weeks' strike and $100,000.

This will be the second largest year in the number of immigrants.

Throughout the entire world about 85,000,000 people die every year.

The United States and Canada have 11,029 miles of street railway.

The pendulum was first attached to the clock in 1659 by Huygner.

Mrs. Besant's daughter is a great tricycle rider and cigarette smoker.

One hundred of the Italian sewer workers on strike at Boston will return to Italy.

Mr. Florence had been working on his memoirs for a year previous to his death.

The rent of land in England three hundred years ago was about a shilling an acre.

Dr. McGlynn will not retract, and therefore will remain outside the Roman church.

The people of the United States consume, it is said, 250,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.

A mountain of coal in Wild Horse valley, Wyoming, has been burning for more than 30 years.

One of the principal exports of Fiji is the banana, and the area under this crop is steadily increasing.

The wheat crop of Italy has exceeded that of last year, but it was eight days later than usual in maturing.

The Bishop of Chichester, England, is 88 years old, but still performs his regular round of diocesan work.

Washington Irving's rambling little cottage at Tarrytown is still occupied by his nieces, the Misses Irving.

European travelers and merchants have gathered up all the ancient carpets that were for sale in Persia.

Benjamin Franklin: "Four hours daily work is sufficient to support any person if social conditions are just."

Wheat flour and bran mixed with molasses are the favorite materials for the manufacture of imitation coffees.

In the province of Silesia, Germany, there are at present twenty pedigree herds of red cattle, consisting of 1,918 head.

Labor can change five pounds of pig iron worth five cents into 110,300 steel watch springs worth $1.75 per dozen—$16,070.83.

It is estimated that in the United Kingdom no fewer than 20,000 girls are employed in public houses and drinking bars.

Francis Sarcey, a well-known Parisian journalist of 64 years, is said to eat only one meal a day as a preventive against obesity.

The "Imperial" diamond which was recently purchased by the Nizam of Hyderabad from a London dealer, is valued at $1,500,000.

The erection of slaughter houses on the Silesian frontier of Russia appears likely to take place at last. They have long been needed.

Wheat harvesting in Egypt this year showed the crop of the world's ancient granary to be excellent both for quantity and quality.

Papier mache oil cans, which are now being made, are very endurable and impervious to any spirit or oil likely to be used in a machine-room.

W. S. Gilbert once offered the first of the series of "Bab Ballads" to the London *Punch*, and if the chagrin of seeing it "declined with thanks."

Of the 500,000,000 persons who were carried last year on steam vessels but 65 were killed. This shows that this means of travel is the safest in the world.

Telephones are put in the houses of Stockholm, Sweden, at a rent of $8.75 a year each. For each call, however, there is a charge of 2½ cents extra.

A lump of coal weighing a ton has been sent to Denver from Rock Springs, Wyo., as an advertisement. One lump broken up there last week filled seven cars.

It is reported that a Natal (South Africa) syndicate has secured a farm in the Free State on which bitumen has been found and it is intended to bore for petroleum.

Lake Kenosha, Connecticut has a wonderful serpent. It has a dog's face, and is from fifteen to twenty feet long. It lives entirely in the water, and has been seen several times lately.

The vicinity of Palermo, Italy, has yielded three remarkable human skeletons, one in 1810, one in 1859 and the last in 1891. The first was 21, the second 20, and the third 24 feet in height.

It is told of a certain minister that one

Publishers' Desk.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

We have decided to publish no more of the following books and pictures, and for the purpose of closing out the stock on hand, we offer them at about the cost of production. It will be necessary to order very quickly as we have but a few of each left. This will be the last opportunity of purchasing Nasby's books, and hundreds will want Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" after they are gone.

We will send until the stock is exhausted a picture of John Calvin for 10 cents each, postpaid by mail. The former price was 25 cents.

The following paper-covered "Nasby" books (former price, 50 cents) we will send by mail postpaid at 25 cents each: "A Paper City," "Abou Ben Adhem," and "Ekkoes From Kentucky."

About fifty copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth, (former price $1) we will send postpaid by mail at 75 cents each. Don't delay if you want any of these books or pictures.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce four new pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the middle of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the past eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Directly in front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x23 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for **25 cents.**

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for **One Dollar.**

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for **$1.50.**

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

We had decided that we would not this season advertise the Blade china tea sets and the Blade washing machine, as we have new premiums to offer—The Blade sewing machine and the encyclopedia. However, our subscribers will not have it so. Our mail daily brings us inquiries as to the tea sets and washing machines. While we have not room to advertise them as we did last year, we will simply say that the offers for both the tea sets and the washing machines which we made last year will hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of THE BLADE containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly BLADE one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly BLADE one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

A Good Horse Story.

One of the best stories heard at gatherings of horsemen at the late show in New York was told of a Kentucky roan, who was left in an open paddock fastened by means of a wooden hasp. This he learned in a few days to take out with his teeth and drop on the ground, only to have it carefully replaced by the stable boy who displayed a wonderful intuition about discovering it. Finally when it became plain to his horish understanding that there was nothing to be gained by such a performance he tried the experiment of carrying it over to the further side of the fence and letting it fall into a neighboring yard. Now it so happened that his owner caught him in the act and, relentless, went and fastened him in again; then from a distance he watched to see what would come next. As he had expected, the horse diligently loosened the stick again, but—now comes the queer part of it—instead of putting it in any of the old places, he gave one defiant snort and laboriously set to work to eat it up!

Science Causerie.

What Causes Earthquakes?

The majority of those who have made these things a special study incline to the belief that the more violent earthquakes are due to the movement and crushing of rock masses by tangential pressures, and that these are caused by the secular cooling of the earth's crust. Such movements are most likely to occur in places where the crust is honeycombed by the long-continued dissolving of mineral matter by the action of water, and still more if hollowed out by volcanic eruption. The strata give way, and the sinking of a portion of the rock originates the more violent effects observed in the vicinity, while the resulting tremor is communicated in vibrations to the surrounding country to distances of many miles. It is reasoned out that around the seismic center the molecules of rock are first squeezed together by the concussion, and are then separated by virtue of the elasticity of the solid medium. The onward motion is taken up rapidly by the next set of molecules, which in a similar manner are first pushed together and then spring apart. In this way the pulse or form of the wave may be propagated to an enormous distance, while the movements of the individual particles of rock are confined to narrow limits. The undulation may travel several hundred miles, while each particle moves through but a few inches. The velocity is sometimes very great, that of the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 being computed at about twenty miles per minute, or one and a half times the velocity of sound in air.

It is not now thought probable that the volcano vomits up matter from a seething hot liquid interior, which is covered by a comparatively thin crust. The convulsion is rather referred to the action of water which is converted into steam at relatively shallow depths, while the displacement of strata when not due to such action most frequently occurs in regions where the pressure changes rapidly from one area to another because of transposition by rain and other atmospheric agency. Hence the earthquake movement due to sinking may let in water through the resulting fissures, and the volcanic eruption of mud and ashes be a secondary instead of the primary feature in the double phenomenon.

In Search of the South Pole.

The Antarctic expedition which is soon to be sent out by the Australian colonies, with the assistance of a wealthy Swede and under the direction of Baro Nordenskjold, is merely a preliminary venture. The idea is that a properly equipped expedition can be sent to the South Polar regions for six months at no very great cost, and in that time it can decide whether it is worth while to carry on further explorations. It is, of course, to be expected that a well-eqipped steamer, absent half a year from Australia, will accomplish a great deal more than such an expedition as that of Sir James Ross, which was composed of two very slow sailing vessels. If it is found that the opportunity for profitable researches is as rich as it is believed to be, the preliminary expedition will be followed by one more ambitious enterprise.

Australia is interested in this venture because scientific men there have no doubt whatever that the climate of Australia is affected to a large extent by the conditions prevailing at the South Pole, and they wish to ascertain what these conditions are. It is hoped also that the expedition will solve the problem of the south magnetic pole, whose place has not yet been discovered. Its position has, according to the best calculations, been fixed in about long. 154° and lat. 75°. It will be very interesting to fix the place where the needle dips perpendicularly downward, and the discovery of the exact position of the south magnetic pole is likely to add materially to the safety of navigation in far Southern waters.

Artificial Coal.

A Mr. Albert Edelmann claims to have found a method whereby coal better than any know known can be manufactured so as to sell for about $1 a ton. In substantiation thereof the gentleman has filed papers in the patent office at Washington, and has gone to Europe to secure foreign rights. The principle underlying Mr. Edelmann's scheme of artificial coal is the species of natural coal called lignite. Lignite, as it exists at present in almost every section of the globe, is practically without value. It was formed subsequent to the great carboniferous ages, so geologists say, and it lacks the chemical properties which make ordinary coal so valuable as fuel. In brief, Mr. Edelmann's idea is to infuse into this worthless lignite, by artificial processes, the properties which nature forgot to supply and thus turn it into a very superior quality of commercial coal. The product, he claims, will be absolutely odorless and smokeless, and when burned will leave only about one per cent of residue. The liguite and chemicals are first ground into a powder, thoroughly mixed and then pressed by powerful machinery into the shape of bricks. The bricks may be of any desired size, thus affording them a wide range of usefulness. The pressure is to be so great that there will be no crumbling or breakage in transportation, which would be an important item in favor of the product's availability for commercial uses.

Ether Engines.

M. Susini, in France, claims to have made a practicable engine for using a liquid—such as ether—boiling at a low temperature, and he believes that this must lead to a complete revolution in the construction of the marine engine at least. The ether is vaporized and condensed repeatedly without loss. Such an engine offers the advantages of lightening boats and locomotives by making the load of water for the boilers unnecessary, and of avoiding the risk arising from boiler incrustation. Another advantage in many cases, such as that of war vessels required to start at short notice, is the quickness with which pressure may be obtained and the machinery put in motion. If the vessells wrecked at Samoa had been equipped with ether engines, the inventor asserts, all might have succeeded in reaching the open sea. The ordinary economy of the ether engine has not been determined, but it has been employed in connection with a steam engine, and, by using the heat of the waste steam, has given a considerable increase of power without additional fuel.

The Earth's Pole Moves.

Prof. S. S. Chandler, before the Boston Scientific society, on November 24, gave an analysis of observations showing that the parallels of latitude, which were commonly supposed to be fixed lines, are really mutable. In general, Prof. Chandler's discovery is that the pole of the earth revolves about a circumference with about thirty feet radius in 427 years. This discovery, it is claimed, accounts for many of the discrepancies in astronomical observations which have been bothering astronomers for nearly two hundred years. Mr. Chandler states that his conclusions have been verified by observations in England, France, Germany and America.

Yeast in Typhoid Fever.

Yeast has been successfully tried as a remedy for typhoid fever by Drs. Embling, Lempriere, and Thomson, of the Alfred hospital, Melbourne. Thirty-seven cases were treated, ten being severe, the temperatures reaching 104 degrees; eight were moderate, the temperatures being 103 degrees; eleven were mild, and eight were very mild, the temperatures reaching 100 degrees. In every case the recovery took place without a relapse.

Well Turned Compliment.

Of famous compliments paid to the fair sex, the supply is so large and dazzling that it is a matter of no small difficulty to pick out the brightest gems but if the following one was unlooked for, it certainly deserves a place among the best. Fontenelle, when ninety years old, passed before Mme. Heveltius without perceiving her. "Ah!" cried the lady, "that is your gallantry then! To pass before me without even looking at me!" "If I had looked at you, madame," replied the old beau, "I could never have passed you at all."

The Embodiment of Wisdom.

An owl is regarded as an embodiment of wisdom because he knows how to keep dark.—[Galveston News.

ROGER Q. MILLS,

Of Corsicana, Texas, a Leading Candidate for Speaker.

Mr. Mills begins his tenth term in Congress as a contestant for the Speakership. The issue he represents, with characteristic force and tenacity, is free trade. There is no Congressman better known in Washington than Mills. He is a plain, blunt man, an old Confederate soldier, and his oratory is of the direct, straightforward type, illustrated—perhaps the best—by recent statesmen in the speeches of the late John Bright.

R. Q. MILLS.

Mr. Mills's candidature has been strengthened by the influence of Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, who has resigned his own in favor of the sturdy Texan's. His legal residence is at Corsicana, Texas, but his home mostly at Washington, where his wife and daughters dispense liberal hospitality. The ladies of his family are very popular in Washington society, and Mr. Mills is of the sort of men who possess the vigorous and persistent loyalty of friends and encounter opposition no less energetic. Whoever shall win in the contest for the speakership, Mills is its most conspicuous figure.

CRISP, OF GEORGIA,

Who is Mills's Strongest Opponent for the Speakership.

Charles F. Crisp, of the Third district of Georgia, is making a strong fight for the Speakership. He is said to be the favorite for the office of the Democracy in New York city.

Though he is not advanced in years, the coming will be his fifth term in Congress. He was born in Sheffield, England, early in 1845, of American parents. The same year he was brought

MR. CRISP.

to Georgia, where he was educated. He fought in the Confederate army with the rank of lieutenant; was taken prisoner and incarcerated in Fort Delaware After his release, in 1865, he read law in Schley county, Ga., where, at Ellaville, he opened an office for practice. Subsequently he served in a local court as solicitor general, and in June, 1877, was appointed judge of the Supreme court of the southwestern judicial circuit. He was elected to that office the next year and again in 1880. In 1892 he resigned in order to become a candidate for Congress, of which he is a leading member.

SPRINGER, OF ILLINOIS,

Who Would Like to be Speaker of the Next House.

Hon. William M. Springer, of Illinois, is one of the candidates in the race for the Speakership. He is a Congressman of great experience and ability, and possesses great influence in the House. He was born in Indiana in 1836. When two years old he was taken to Illinois by his parents. In 1858 he was graduated at the

WM. M. SPRINGER.

Indiana State university. Mr. Springer has been on the roll of attorneys since 1859. His public life began in 1863, when he was secretary of the state constitutional convention of Illinois. In 1871 and 1872 he was a member of the Illinois legislature. He has been a Representative since his election to the Forty-Fourth Congress, and few men are equally well acquainted with public business.

Mr. Springer is the husband of a lady of remarkable literary ability, who is one of the leaders of society in Washington.

A Decorative Fairy.

The most successful floral decorator of the day is a woman, young and fair, and the grand-daughter of a former millionaire. At 17 the girl was left penniless and in the past six years she has made a snug little fortune arranging flowers for social entertainments. The most famous of her dinner decorations were those displayed at a dinner given by a wealthy California lady to the President and his wife. On the morning of the day appointed the woman florist, Miss Bates, appeared at 7 o'clock with eighteen women assistants in uniform, wearing white caps and aprons. Turning the keys in the doors, the women worked silently and swiftly until 4 o'clock, when the hostess was ushered into fairyland. All the native flora had been employed by Miss Bates and her staff. Airy garlands draped the ceiling, bunches of flowers formed the background of statues, panels of blossoms were inserted in walls and doors, balls of perfumed color swung from the ceiling, and in the midst the table stood ready, with its glass and silver polished to the last degree of brilliancy.

A Thanksgiving.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from self kept
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.
—[William Dean Howells.

He Was Not Sure.

"Women don't marry men," said the stickler for correct English, in a dogmatic tone. "It is men who marry women."

"I don't know about that," commented a man with a cowed air; "I don't know about that."—[Life.

TRAINING FOR CITIZENS,

DUTY FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Merrill Edwards Gates, L. L. D., President of Amherst College, Massachusetts, Puts the Matter Clearly.

In a country where the people govern, it is too obvious to need argument that all the people should know something about government. Either there are certain principles in which wise men and practical men are agreed, and such principles can be learned and should be taught, or government is a matter of chance to be managed at haphazard. Does any one believe that affairs of government are the only occupation in which rational men engage, where study and experience of others are of no value to learners?

Since any male citizen of suitable age may become a legislator or an office holder, while every citizen has an appreciable influence upon the political life of his neighborhood, it is evident that every citizen of the United States ought to have some intelligent comprehension not only of the essential features of our own government, national, state, and local or municipal, but also of the fundamental principles of political ethics, political economy and political science.

We get our supply of new citizens from two sources—immigration, and the growing up of American children. We are all keenly alive to the dangers that threaten our government when ignorant and immoral foreigners are made citizens by hundreds and thousands. Our United States laws are explicit in requiring evidence of fitness for citizenship before naturalization papers are granted. "It shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the court admitting such alien—(a) That he has resided in the United States at least five years, * * * (c) and that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, (d) attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States (e), and well disposed to the peace and good order of the same." This is the law. How safe it should be from the pernicious effect of much ignorance and vicious anarchism which now trouble us, if committees of good citizens had attended at our courts of naturalization, and had forced home upon the consciousness of all officers of the law who have power to grant naturalization papers, the will of the people that this wise law be obeyed! But in practice these provisions of the law are a dead letter, as any one knows who has sat for a few hours in any one of our large cities and has seen the purely mechanical method of making American citizens out of foreigners, ignorant, reckless, too often manifestly immoral and besotted. The process is "mechanical," because it is usually conducted in the interest of one or the other of the party "machines." By its agents the machine brings these undeserving candidates to the court and pays their way through, that it may "vote them" afterward. The shame, and the danger to our government, are manifest.

But the great majority of our citizens come to us not from the immigrant steamships, but from the public schools! What are our schools doing to provide the United States with citizens intelligent enough upon matters political, and patriotic enough to secure the permanent success of our form of government "by the people, for the people?"

The obligation of the State to maintain the school, we hear often enough emphasized. Is the obligation of the school to support the State by using all right means to train good citizens as frankly recognized and as fairly met? In our school system is there a large enough place made for those studies which promote intelligent patriotism, voluntary obedience to law, and public spirited interest in public affairs?

In Germany, it became a fundamental maxim of state policy a century ago—"What you would have come out in the life of the nation, you must put into the schools and the universities." The wonderful vigor of the national life of Germany, despite its defects, is directly traceable to her observance of this law of self-preservation applied by the State to Germany's educational system, in which patriotism is steadily and systematically inculcated, and in the fitting of young men for the proper discharge of public duties has an important place.

In America we have been slow to make room in the curriculum of our schools and colleges for the studies that emphasize the demands which popular self-government makes upon the citizen, as well as the blessings it confers.

Of our form of government, as of everything else that is precious in life, it is true that "if we would preserve it we must love it." And intelligent study of the underlying principles of government will stimulate a just pride in our own form of government, and will furnish a rational basis and a sure support for that loyal spirit of true patriotism which is the strength of a nation.

Here we see the value of the great tide of consciousness of national life which swept across the continent with the recent celebration of the centennial of our constitution. As we recall the struggle for independence, we are grateful to the heroic founders of our national government. We love our country more intelligently and more truly, as our thought is fixed upon cost and the value of our national life; and it augurs well for our country that the imperative demand arises from the young in so many of our institutions of learning. "Give us fuller instruction in the studies that fit men for citizenship—in the principles of government; in the ethics, the motive powers and the economics of social life—in the duties of American citizenship."

All colleges which deserve the name, now furnish full instruction in such themes. But important as is the influence of liberally educated men upon the life of America, it is but a small percentage of our voters who in their school studies reach the college course, or even the high school. It is most important that all future citizens, girls and boys alike, in all our schools have elementary instruction in the principles of good citizenship. It is the mothers of our boys, and the early school life of our boys, that largely determine the life-bias toward good citizenship or bad citizenship, for the great mass of our voters.

An intelligent, public spirited mother is almost by necessity the mother of patriotic sons and daughters. Given good mothers, in this respect, and good sons follow. To the ambitious mother who asked the witty English divine "how she could make sure that her boy should one day become a bishop," he replied, "first, get him born right." This goes to the root of the matter. And the next step, that we may have as many boys as possible early trained in the principles and spirit of good citizenship, is to see that mothers, sisters, and teachers of young children are intelligently awake to the responsibility of residence among a self-governing people. The girls and the women of our country should all be (as we believe many of them are) intelligent patriots, with clear knowledge and sound convictions upon matters of public interest in the state.

The state—society organized with reference to rights and corresponding duties, obligations and corresponding privileges—is founded upon relations of justice. Every man is born into the state, and no man can by any possibility get out of the state, for he must always be in relations of right and wrong with other men. The state is founded on morality. In the moral convictions, in the "conscience" of its individual citizens, lies the strength or the weakness of every government. The moral training of its young citizens is thus seen to be vital to the state. In the earliest school training principles of social morality, of regard for the rights of others, of public spirited interest in the welfare of others will mark the school that is training good citizens.

In his school life the conditions are so essentially different from those of his home life that the boy virtually begins his social life when he enters school. At home in the family love, self-denial was the law. In the school, as in the state, considerations of justice, of equity, of impartiality, must have the first place. "What relations with others, my equals, are possible for me?" is the question the schoolboy is practically answering, day by day, whether or not he puts it into words. The way in which he carries himself among his schoolmates, the standards of honor and of behavior which he accepts and helps to form, will go with him through life. The school, by its tone and spirit, as well as by its studies, determines in no slight degree the nature of those relations with his fellows—relations just and harmonious, or selfish and discordant—which are to mar or make his life as man and citizen.

Teachers with whom rests the responsibility of fixing these standards in school life, will not train their pupils intelligently for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship unless they have themselves given time and attention and loving thought to the principles of sound government, and to the demands which popular government, if it succeeds, must constantly make upon the citizen for moral thoughtfulness, self-control and public spirit.

The study of the history of our country, with emphasis upon shining examples of patriotism and disinterested goodness; patriotic songs in the school-room; patriotic selections for reading and declamation, these help to form the true spirit and tone in the school. But more than this is needed.

There should be in all our schools (and in a "grade" not so far advanced that most children leave school before they reach it) simple, clear, convincing teaching of the elementary principles of government, of the purpose and design of law and government, of the ultimate foundation of all government upon justice, equity, righteousness, upon the moral law, and of the supreme authority of that law over majorities as well as minorities, however "free" the form of government may be. Every young citizen should early be taught that majority has a right to do what it pleases only when it pleases to do what is right. Even in his early school days, every future citizen should learn to feel the solemn responsibility which rests on every citizen of a free state to govern himself thoughtfully, voluntarily and strictly.

If with such a course in the ethics of citizenship, a teacher combines study by the pupils of the forms and the proceedings of our own government, local, state and national (beginning with the local), an interest is almost invariably awakened which the teacher will need to direct and keep within bounds rather than to stimulate.

Later in the course more detailed study of theories and forms of government will find their place with history. The elements of political economy will become attractive. Higher institutions of learning must give constantly increasing attention to studies which prepare the way by greater intelligence on these subjects alike among voters and legislators, for more discriminating and scientific treatment by our state and national legislatures of the delicately adjusted yet all-powerful forces with which our present system (?) of taxation deals.

But whatever may be done or left undone by our colleges, let Americans see to it that in the great system of public schools which is so closely connected with our national life, there be early introduced, steadily pursued and strongly emphasized, such studies as tend directly to make moral, intelligent, loyal citizens, who understand and love not only their rights but also their duties as citizens of the United States. Our highest interests depend upon this. So only can government by the people be carried on with safety to the people; and it is an unquestionable maxim of government, as deserving of attention in directing the peaceful policy of national education as at moments of crisis and manifest danger to the state, "Salus populi lex suprema."—"The welfare of the people is the highest law."

MERRILL EDWARDS GATES.

WM. H. HATCH,

Of Missouri, One of the Possibilities in the Speakership Contest.

One of the ablest candidates for Speaker is Hatch, of Missouri, a great debater and a man who is popular on

WM. HENRY HATCH.

both sides of the House of Representatives. He has a fine presence and a voice as clear as a bell. His mental resources and dexterity in their use are extraordinary.

Mr. Hatch first saw the light in Scott county, Ky., more than 58 years ago. He received a good education at Lexington, Ky., and in 1854 was admitted to the bar. In 1858 he was elected circuit attorney of the Fifteenth judicial district of Missouri, and was re-elected to the same office in November, 1860. He fought in the Confederate army and rose in the service to be assistant commissioner of exchange under the cartel. His life in Washington began with the Forty-sixth Congress, in which he made his mark. Every succeeding election has continued him in his seat.

THE OLD OAKEN BARREL.

How dear to my heart are the years of my preaching
Which fond recollection restores to my view;
Of the weeks when my mind was forever outreaching
To gather up facts that were old, and yet new.
Then safely away in my garret I'd store
A hoard of prize sermons I'd preached once before.
In the old oaken barrel, the stoutly hooped barrel,
The dearly loved barrel
Just back of the door.
Now to that loved fount am I ever returning—
For with years cometh sloth and a longing for ease,
And I know that however my flock may be yearning
For fresh garnered truths, I certainly please.
For they never have failed to admire them before,
So I joyfully pick out a dozen or more
From the old oaken barrel, the stoutly hooped barrel, the dearly loved barrel
Just back of the door.
—[New York Herald

A German Breakdown.

"Have you called upon the Van Rensselaer O'Flaherty?"

"Yes, I heard they were going to give a german, so I called yesterday."

"I heard that the german was not coming off so I didn't call."—[Boston Beacon.

Cause for Hilarity.

Jay Astorbilt (pathetically)—You can't think how many calls for money are made upon us poor millionaires.

Young Hardup—Poor millionaires! Ha, ha!

Jay Astorbilt—You can afford to laugh; you haven't a penny.—[Puck.

Met Death Calmly.

Brown—Yes, he was a brave man—one who could meet death without blanching.

Fogg—I see; the gentleman was in the undertaking profession. I presume, or was he only a doctor?—[Boston Transcript.

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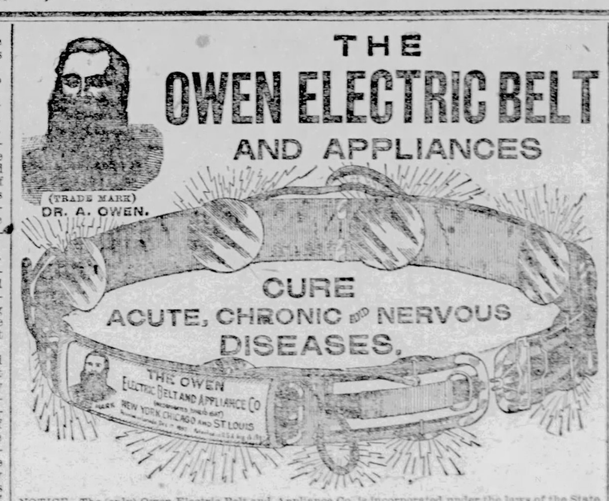

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OCT. 30, 1891.

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GENTLEMEN: Dr. Reno, M. D., Supt. New York Office, *Dear Sir*—Your favor of 29th inst. came to hand this a. m. On perusal of the same I find I am, or have been, greatly at fault in relation to my Owen Electric Belt, etc., for which I feel truly sorry. Please pardon me, seeing I did it in ignorance as to what I needed.

Now, sir, I desire to say, in reference to my belt, I have worn it for a few hours each day. I took it off when I found myself getting weak. But I here truly tell you in all faith since I have worn it I am greatly benefited by it. My arm and leg on the paralyzed side feels its power already. The flesh and muscles on each are filling out wonderfully, and I can use them in a manner truly surprising to me. I would not be without one of your belts, even if they cost double the price; and, as you in your remarks feel to thank me for being the means of sending you one more order than my own, I here, of my own free will, promise to use my utmost endeavors to be the means of sending you other orders, as there are several comrades who say they will send for one as soon as they see their pension in December. You may rely on me. The more I feel the benefits of your belt and appliances the louder will I sound its praises. I have a very kind comrade here, my room-mate, who is greatly afflicted with asthma, severe coughing, and difficulty in breathing. His appetite is affected so that he can eat nothing except dry bread, with sometimes a little tea or coffee. Permit me to ask if one of your belts would be of any benefit in his case. His name is Chester H. Ladd, same address as mine. If you consider it would, will you be so kind as to let us know what number would suit him. He is terribly afflicted, and more withal. He talks of sending for one if he thought it would be of benefit to him. Please inform us thereof. I also desire to ask you concerning the wearing of my belt—namely: 1. How long at a time? 2. When? 3. Can I wear it during the night? And now, in conclusion, I have all faith in your candid and honest dealings; for so far I have great faith in your electric belts, and, as man to man, as soldier to soldier, I say I am more than happy to know you are one, and anything I can possibly do for you as a comrade, and also on the merits of your appliances, I will do so; and I here say for the benefits I already feel, I wish to say, you may use this, my testimony as to the merits of your belts and appliances in any manner you desire. You will no doubt hear from me after December pension. Lastly, asking you to note the several clauses of this and inform

Your ever faithful comrade,
JOSEPH LANG,
Hospital Ward 4, National Military Home, Virginia.

P. S.—As I find myself, through coming time, benefited, I will send you testimony to same.

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1892

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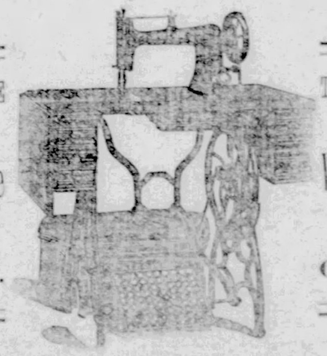

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We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

Now Ready—The December
FAMILY HERALD!
It contains Four New and Complete Stories; the continuation of the thrilling New Novel entitled
"PUT ASUNDER,"
which was begun in the November number; together with much useful and entertaining miscellaneous matter of great value in every household, forming one of the MOST ATTRACTIVE and LOWEST-PRICED family magazines ever published. Price, 15 cents monthly; $1.75 yearly. For sale by all book and news dealers. THE INTERNATIONAL NEW

HOME TALKS.

THE POWER FOR GOOD IN WOMAN.

A Lesson From a Current Item of News—Some Thoughts on the Chautauqua Course of Popular Study.

There are times—rare they are—when I am ashamed of being a woman. One of those seasons is upon me now, and this is the season; I read in the daily paper that in a small town in the state of Ohio, four women, dissolute without doubt, perhaps among the worst of their sex—I do not know, nor does it matter—but four women took a house just outside the village limits so that the law could not reach them, and lived there disreputable lives, outraging the moral sense of the better part of community. Forty or fifty masked women—it took forty or fifty of them—went there, battered down the doors, seized the four and beat them with switches until the blood ran down their backs, and then dipped one into the freezing water of a stream near by until almost dead, and finally gave them 20 minutes to get out of town. But, mark you, the men who were in the house at the time, "made a dash" and *escaped*, got away from the whole forty or fifty women! And the mob, says the dispatch, was composed of the best ladies of the town.

If this be true—for the sake of all womanhood I pray it is not—then the Dark Ages never witnessed anything more brutal. Forty women beating four until the blood ran! There was no righteous indignation about that. It was simply savage ferocity. And then I suppose these "best ladies of the town" went home, some of them undoubtedly to the men who had helped to degrade still more the degraded creatures so terribly punished, went home to the poor weak husbands, brothers, and sons, who must be kept from sin by such brutal force, and smiled upon, petted and caressed them because they had been forced from the path of virtue, but now were saved. It is no wonder that it is so often said, there are none so cruel to women as their own sex, when such things be.

I would like to ask those "best women of the place" if they believe that they have improved the morals of their town by such a proceeding? Do they think for one instant that by thus outraging humanity they have implanted virtue and strength in the hearts of the men who sinned also? Do they imagine that they have increased one iota the love and respect held for them as wives and mothers by such barbarity? Could the scourging of four weak creatures, by forty or fifty angry women, elevate the town upon a higher plane of morality?

I do not wonder that the wives and mothers, more especially the latter, felt themselves outraged by this defiance of law and morality, this brazen flaunting of vice in their faces, but surely there was a better way. Doubtless some of these "best ladies" are members of churches and call themselves Christians. Would Christ have smiled upon such a mode of curing sin? If a summary proceeding were necessary, why did not these 40 or 50 women order the four to go within the twenty minutes and enforce their order by pulling away the house, but omitting the personal cruelty?

Morality was never taught by brutality. Nor can there ever be a better state of things until women will mete out the same condemnation to men who sin, as they give to women who have fallen; until they bestow the same largess of tolerance upon the sinning of their own sex as they do upon that of the other, and that should be in either case only, what will win them from the error of their ways.

Women have a wonderful power for good in their hands, and because they have, great is their responsibility. Never can this be discharged through the employment of brute force. The Infinite Father did not mean that they should work in that way, and when they do, they drag those they would save to a lower plane. I believe that these "forty or fifty best women" will find that immorality will have a greater growth in this community than ever before, because they have lowered womanhood by turning themselves into a mob of whence, no matter how great their provocation. They showed the evil side of their natures, and that when their passions were aroused they could proceed to lengths of cruelty that were worthy of the savage. It cannot fail to diminish their influence, even though apparently they have attained a victory. Women can never win those who have gone astray back into the paths of virtue by transforming themselves in this terrible way. Love, not vengeance, is the regenerating power, such love as Christ taught in every precept that he ever uttered.

One can never say too much that is good of the Chautauquan home reading circles which have opened the doors of a real wonderland to so many people whose way would otherwise have remained in the shadows. There are countless women all over the land who long with an unutterable longing for a breath from the world of books. They are athirst for knowledge, but in the contracted circle of their lives no opportunities come to them of satisfying their desires. Everything in the immediate neighborhood is in the same mental condition, though, perhaps, not starving for mental nourishment. Until the Chautauquan idea was developed there was no chance for efficient help for such persons. And so there were countless women who absolutely died from the sterility of their lives. I do not believe that Mr. Vincent had any idea of how well he was building. The earth has been fairly girdled with Chautauquan classes, earnest students who find life meaning so much more as the years go by, bringing such stores of mental nourishment to them.

The great beauty of the Chautauquan course is that it is systematized so that there is no chance for what may end in a kind of literary dissipation which is death to real culture. This plan comprehends much. There is a carefully arranged or outlined course; wisely selected books by the best authors and other helps to good scholarship; or, at least, to a broader outlook on life. The whole thought is to put into the homes an educational influence that shall make each member of the family feel that life is better worth the living.

I remember reading a little story of a mother who overheard her boy tell his sister that it was no use of asking mother about anything, for she did not know; she never did. It hurt her but it set her to thinking. Her boy despised her lack of knowledge, but he should do so no longer. Yet how to make it any different, she could not see. While she was thinking and wondering there came to her a whisper of the great things that could be done through the Chautauquan Course and she set at work to find out about the matter. The result was that she sent to the secretary and began study. By and by she surprised her children by setting them aright about the subject they were disputing over. They could hardly believe their ears, but later on when this happened time and again, they began to have an added respect for her opinions. She never lost the vantage ground which she then gained, and it was to mother they resorted whenever they found themselves puzzled in after years.

The Chautauqua course of Study has been a blessing like this in many homes, bringing light and brightness where had been almost despair. New currents of thought give new life where dull monotony has brought stagnation.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Within the next four weeks a new story is to be commenced in THE BLADE, which everybody ought to read. Members of the HOUSEHOLD who have friends and acquaintances not taking the Weekly BLADE, will do us and them a favor by forwarding their names, in order that they may receive the issue containing the opening chapters.—ED.

Household Conveniences.

IN houses where gas is used as fuel, there is more of a tendency of doors and window casings to shrink, than when other fuel is used, and the result is that the winter winds find their way into the house to a very unpleasant extent. This may be remedied by weather-strips, but these are quite expensive, and the careful housewife will use as a substitute strips of felt tacked to the casings, which will answer the purpose quite as well. Around windows and doors that need not be opened during the winter, the crevices may be stuffed with newspaper or cloth, pushing it well out of sight with the blade of a common table knife. Bags made of colored cloth, as long as the width of a window, and nearly filled with sand, are excellent to lay across the top or the lower sash to keep out the wind. These may also be made to lay at the bottom of a door for the same purpose, although a rug or a piece of carpet answers for this. Some persons have bags of strong cloth made, and filled at night with heated sand, to place in the foot of the beds in cold rooms; they are very convenient for this use, but must be tied very tightly at the top to prevent the sand from escaping.

Newspapers pinned in front of the windows at night will keep out a great deal of cold, and placed over house plants will prevent their freezing. A layer of newspapers on top of the cotton in a quilt or comforter will add fully one-half to its warmth. By looking after these things, one may not only be much more comfortable in cold weather, but can economize in the matter of fuel.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.—Get a yard and three-quarters of ivory white ribbon from 2½ to 3 inches broad. Line the center with a piece of the same kind of ribbon, 13 inches long, laying perfumed wadding between. This ribbon is to be simply passed around the handkerchiefs and tied in a pretty bow as shown in the illustration. Ornamament the part that goes

around smoothly with a spray of flowers either painted or embroidered. This, with a half dozen handkerchiefs enclosed, would make a nice present for a gentleman.

MARMALADE DISH.—Get a small wooden tub, such as are purchased for children's use. Bronze every other stave. Upon the light ones paint small bunches of flowers. Paint the hoops green and then scorch dots in a row around them. A head of bronze, silver may be used. These present quite a unique appearance upon the table.

A BANNER.—The following very pretty banner is described in *Harper's Young People*: Take a piece of white bolting cloth half a yard long and fourteen inches wide. Fasten it with artists' tacks to an embroidery frame (or to a frame roughly made of four strips of pine). Select a picture to copy—something nautical, if possible—a white-sailed yacht and a glimpse of the sea seen through the trees; a group of rosy cherubs in a flower-laden boat; or, perhaps, a mermaid gracefully combing her long hair. Have your model exactly of the size you intend to make your painting—about eight inches wide. Tack it to the other side of your frame, so that it cannot move while you are at work. Do not allow the bolting-cloth to loosen while you are working, as the wet paint must not come in contact with the model. Use water-color paints—Prussian blue and neutral tint in thin washes for the sea and sky, Hooker's green and burnt sienna for the trees. Be careful not to add the finishing touches until the first coats of paint are dry, for if you do the paint will run in a most disagreeable way. The boats may be put in with Chinese white shaded with neutral tint or Vandyke brown. If your model happens to be a photograph or an engraving, copy it in monochromo—that is, sepia or neutral tint, with white for the high lights.

A graceful group of flowers on this diaphanous silk has an exquisite effect. Meadow-pinks, daisies, or lilies are all easy to paint. Indeed, it is quite as easy to work on bolting cloth as to draw on a child's ground-glass slate. For each strand of the fringe take five small dingle-shells; make a hole at the top and bottom of each, and string them like beads on coarse white silk. Sew these strings closely together across the bottom. Buy a fourteen-inch gilt rod (price at the fancy stores about fifteen cents), sew the top of your banner to the little gilt rings which come on the rod, and suspend by the chain. This shell fringe when moved by a current of air will tingle like fairy bells.

Mrs. X.—Get "Fancy Work and House Decoration" No. 3, which was formerly 25 cents, but is now reduced to 15 cents. Send to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, Ohio.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; n 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch sl st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNOT LACE.—Make a chain of the required length—turn. 1st row—Make 1 d c in 2d st—* draw out the st on hook to ½-in, take up thread and draw through this l, then put the hook under the thread just drawn through, between it and the l below, take up the thread, draw through again, and draw through both st, thus making 1 d c at the point of l—repeat from * once—1 d c in 5th st of foundation ch—and repeat entire row from 1st * to the end of ch. You will have a row of double l with 1 d c at the top, at each side and in the ch, with 4 ch between; the number of these l should be divisible by 3, on account of the border. 2d row—* Make l as described, 1 d c in 1st half of l of last row, working it under the 2 threads which are uppermost and close to the top of center d c, 1 d c on the other side of center d c—repeat from *. This row is repeated until the lace is as wide as desired, say 10 rows for lace of medium width. 3d row—Make the l, fastened by the 2 d c—* 12 l t c under next 1 2 d c, as previously directed, in next—draw out the thread, forming a l as usual, fasten with the 2 d c in next l and repeat from *, ending with the 2 d c after the l t c. 4th row—Ch 4, * 1 l t c between l and 1st l t c of last row, * ch 2, 1 l t c between next 2 l t c, repeat from 2d * until there are 13 l t c 2 d c in l between—repeat from 1st *. 5th row—Make 1 d c between l t c and l, 1 d c under 2 ch, * ch 5, 1 d c in d c just made, fastening the p. 1 d c under next 2 ch, repeat from * until you have 12 p, 1 d c between last 1 t c and l, and repeat from the beginning of row.

In a short time a description of some other of the various kinds of thread work will be given for the benefit of the HOUSEHOLD. The editor will be glad of any new patterns in crocheting or knitting.

Correspondence.

MY IDEA OF RELIGION:—There are almost as many religious a there are peoples but there is but one Truth, one Spirit, one mind, one principle and when we all get the one mind, giving up our own wills there will be no pulling or hauling this way or that. The cause of so many beliefs is a misunderstanding of the Bible. Each interprets to suit himself. Now there can be but one interpretation that is correct, and that is not material but spiritual, and as fast as we come into this understanding we will become of one mind, then the universal brotherhood will appear. I believe the command to heal the sick is just as binding as to love your enemies and you cannot do the former without doing the latter and we are not following in the foot-steps of our Master unless to a certain extent we do the works He did. Many profess to be Christians, yet they cannot trust God in times of sickness but will employ a physician, who, perhaps is an infidel, showing they trust to matter rather than spirit. Not all who say Lord, Lord, shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I know there are many honest and sincere men and women who think they are Christians (I was one) and are probably living up to their highest knowledge of right, but I have found there is much that we have not understood and it is our ignorance of God that causes us to suffer. We pray to God as though He were a man corporeal as we are instead of understanding He is a Divine principle that governs all things and helps our bodies in harmony as well as the planets. As long as we are looking away from spirit we will be in more or less discord. It is our fault, not our Hevenly Father's, for principle has never changed. We must change and come up on a higher platform. We cannot have a standard too high, but we must work up to it—for truth never bends to error. What this age needs, is less preaching and more practice; or, perhaps, not less preaching if of the right kind. We must learn to think and act for ourselves—not believe a creed or theory because our great grandfather preached it. We must get out of those old ruts—pour out the old wine (of a belief in a power outside of the one mind) pour in the new wine of inspiration and become more and more Christ-like.—M. ALIDA FRANKLIN.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR SPEAKS HER MIND:—Temperance! I have been reading articles in the newspapers lately, which, as the children say, "has got me right up on my ear." Think of a child drinking three cups of coffee. Whew! Milk is the proper drink for children; they should never be allowed coffee until they can perform manual labor.

Children should be taught temperance from the start. Tea and coffee are stepping stones to something stronger. A child that is allowed to swill and gormandize will not live out half its days. There are many persons that a three-gallon bucket would not hold all they eat and drink in a day. They can be found at midnight walking the floor and bemoaning their sad fate.

After people get their growth, they have little need of eating much. It stands to reason if you stuff an engine with fuel, it will burn out quicker.

Just so with the human stomach; it is capable of digesting so much, then refuses to perform its office. We can all shun half the evils of life by right living and temperance.

Oh, ye scribes, beware of what ye write; else your words will bring you to judgment, before the last trump shall sound."—MRS. B. BURGESS.

Correspondence Clippings.

I, for one, am waiting to hear what will cure cramps. Please tell Mrs. Paris to hurry and tell, for I have hard attacks in my limbs. My better-half tells me to say that she has exactly the same luck with Diamond dyes that Mrs. Paris has.—R. B.

It seems Jean Hunt is the ideal one in point of fashion as well as hints on economical dress-making; she certainly does give practical advice which any one who desires to save the expense of dress-making can profit by. I took great pleasure in looking over Miss Nellie's list for her wardrobe. Oh! the numerous articles she managed to get, and all for the $20. Could any of us have done as well as she? I think the dear girl had cause to return thanks to J. H. We all wish her a pleasant visit and a safe return home, as delighted as though she had been a Vanderbilt's daughter. It is not the wealthiest persons who enjoy things most. Home talk, by the editor this week, was grand. I do hope a large number of young people may read it and be profited thereby. If the young ladies would follow her advice young men would be more careful of their conduct. It is precisely my sentiments expressed by another.

Are there any present readers of the HOUSEHOLD who remember "Rose Geranium" and "Old Bachelor" and this buckwheat cakes? I would love to hear from them. We used to exchange patterns of all kinds, also garden and flower seeds. I sign now as then.—NINA.

I wish to make a proposition that all of the older correspondents of the HOUSEHOLD, "Rose Geranium," "Chatter Bella," "Bachelor Cook," "Montana May," "Addie Vance," and the others who used to send such interesting things for us, shall have a re-union in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD the Saturday before Christmas, each one sending some characteristic greeting for that paper. I am sure Miss Bouton would allow us the space, and it would be such delightful Christmas reading for us.—ONE OF THEM.

An excellent idea, and one that we shall be very glad to have carried out.—ED.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me how I can become a trained nurse, and where are the schools? Are there any in southern California? Must I be examined before entering a school, and, if so, can I be examined at home?—INEZ MC.

Can any one tell me how to get rid of rats without a cat, dog or trap. I dislike the two first named, and the trap does no good.—JOHN J.

Will some one tell me what ails my canary? Its head, neck and back are bare of feathers, and it won't sing. I can find no mites on it, or in the cage. Will some one tell me the name of the man who invented the first sewing machine?—SADIE HAINES.

Will some one tell us how to make old fashioned English plum pudding, and also a preparation for hadding felt.—ILLINOIS PET.

Will some tell me how to remove grease and dirt from writing paper without injuring the paper?—SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one tell me who is referred to by the following names? The Poet of Poets; "Peasant Bard;" "The Pathfinder;" "The Merry Monarch," and "The Poet of the Dawn."—S. E. MORTIMAR.

Who is the author of the lines "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."—JACK DOWNING.

Answers to Inquiries.

Dew Drop:—The question of your marrying the young man should depend upon your love for him rather than the amount of education he possesses. A man may be able to make you a good husband and furnish you with every thing necessary for a comfortable home, even if his education is, as you say, "inferior to yours." If you love him well enough to overlook this defect, marry him, but if you are not certain that you would not after awhile be dissatisfied with him on this account, do not, for his sake, as well as your own, think of doing so.—ED.

A Subscriber:—You might ask your guests when inviting them to your Shakespeare entertainment, to assume one of the characters that have been the subject of study in the class. They should dress in an appropriate costume and endeavor to personate their chosen characters in all ways during the first part of the evening, answering questions, when possible, with quotations, etc. After the refreshments are served, they can drop these disguises of speech and manners if they choose, and spend the remainder of the evening as common, nineteenth century people.—ED.

Mrs. J. M. C.:—Rubbing your silver with a paste made of chloride of lime and water, then washing in clear water and rubbing till dry, will remove ink spots.—ED.

Hostess:—Bouillon cups are offered in different styles. The most common ones are a trifle larger than a tea cup and have two handles. Some have covers, but these are not so much in favor, as they are more awkward to handle and are more expensive. Bouillon cups and saucers of French china range in price from $10 way up in the hundreds a dozen. Made of commoner clay, they come within the reach of nearly every one who wishes for them.—ED.

Miss Maggie M:—While we would be very glad to assist you in any possible way, we do not see how we can insert your request in the HOUSEHOLD, as it is an advertisement, and all such are omitted from this department by an unchangeable rule of the office.—ED.

Echo:—We are not, at present, making any new engagements for paid contributors. Shall be glad to hear from you at any time you will write to the HOUSEHOLD, such things as will be for general interest.

Mrs. A.: "Health and Beauty" would make an excellent Christmas present, and the price has been reduced to 75 cents, but there are only a very few copies left, so if you want one you must send immediately to THE BLADE, Toledo, O., enclosing that sum.—ED.

Will say in reply to Snowflake's inquiry for a remedy for catarrh, that the best I ever used was simply warm water and salt. Have the water as warm as you can hold in the center of the hand, and snuff it up your nose.—M. S. H.

Mrs. J. C. D.:—Mildew can be removed by soaking the spots in buttermilk, or wetting with lemon juice and salt and exposing it to the hot sun.—EMMA B.

"Young Mother":—I think Florence and Alta are pretty names for a baby girl. ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Henrietta:—The lines quoted are from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Coleridge and are as follows:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—IRA R. KAULL.

Answers to "Henrietta," have been also received from "C. L. S.," "One of the Girls" and Martha McCaughey.

Luncheon Menu.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Salmon Scallops. Pickled Nasturtiams.
Chicken Croquettes.
Creamed Potatoes.
Aspic Jelly with Olives.
Salad.
Bread Sticks or Salted Wafers.
Frozen Pudding. Cakes. Coffee.

Recipes.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP:—Wash and cut into small pieces 3 roots of celery, using the tops and roots; boil for ½ hour in 1 pint of water and press through a colander. Put 1 quart of milk in a double boiler, add the water and celery pressed through the colander and ½ of an onion; rub 1 tablespoonful of butter and 3 tablespoonfuls of flour till smooth; stir into the soup and stir it continually until it thickens. Remove the onion, add salt and pepper and serve at once.

SALMON SCALLOPS:—Remove the skin and bones from a 1 lb. can of salmon, drain off the oil and steam in an earthen dish for 40 minutes. Dissolve ½ salt spoonful of soda in 1½ pts. of sweet cream, and heat in a double boiler. When the boiling point is reached, thicken with 2 tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water, and season with salt and pepper. Add the steamed salmon, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, and ½ teaspoonful minced parsley. Fill small, shell-shaped dishes with the mixture, sprinkle rolled crackers over the top and delicate brown.

ASPIC JELLY:—An especially fine jelly is made from the broth by which chickens have been boiled. After removing the bones from the fowls, return them to the soup kettle and simmer for an hour. A short time before removing from the fire, add salt, pepper, celery seed, 1 allspice berry, 1 clove and a small bunch of sweet herbs. Strain the liquid, and add the juice of 1 lemon to each quart of stock. If the liquid is not clear, add the white of an egg before adding the lemon juice. Pour into shallow pans, not more than ½ inch deep, and stand in a cool place for 24 hours. Cut in small cubes and arrange on a low, glass dish. If part of the liquid is colored with some fruit coloring extract, and the cubes arranged together, it adds very much to the effect. In warm weather it will be necessary to use gelatine, and it is safe to do so at any time, 1 box of gelatine dissolved in 1 cupful of cold water, to every 3 pts. of stock.

FROZEN PUDDING:—Scald 2 qts. of cream and 1 pt. of milk, add 1 pt. of sugar and stir till sugar is melted. When cool, flavor with 2 tablespoonfuls of vanilla and freeze. When about half frozen, add 2 cupfuls of powdered macroons and freeze again. Sliced pineapple, preserved ginger or fruit jelly may be served with this.

CREAMED POTATOES:—Cut cold boiled (or baked) potatoes into dice. With 1 pt. of potatoes boil 1 qt. of new milk, leaving out enough cold milk to moisten 4 tablespoonfuls of flour. When this is rubbed perfectly smooth, add to the hot milk, with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir until the butter is all dissolved, to avoid a greasy taste. Stir the potato cubes into this, pour into a baking dish, cover with a thin layer of powdered crackers dotted over with butter, and bake until a light brown.

COLD WATER GEMS:—Requested for dyspetic.—Graham flour mixed with water and a little salt. Beat thoroughly and drop into very hot pans and bake in a quick oven. These are much nicer than one would think, and will not cause annoyance to a dyspeptic stomach, if eaten warm.

—No other preparation combines the positive economy, the peculiar merit and the medicinal power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ABOUT ENTERTAINMENTS

SOMETHING FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

How to Arrange a Table—Decorating With Flowers—A Pretty Device—Bonnet and Neck—The Party.

How to arrange the table for an entertainment is often a puzzle to the hostess who desires to have everything look attractive. A few hints may be of some assistance. The prettiest kind of tablecloth is a pure white linen one of a good quality, the finer the better. Color can be introduced in other ways. Sometimes a homekeeper who has time makes a cloth very beautiful with heavy embroidery, but that is by no means a necessity to make the table look well. Flowers are used in abundance, but those are chosen that are not very fragrant, as a heavy odor is not agreeable in a dining-room.

The day of large, tall vases has passed away, and the flowers are massed in low, glass dishes in the center of the table. Sometimes very slender vases that are tall enough for the long stemmed blossoms are placed here and there, each holding a single flower. This is, however, a novelty that can very well be done without, the decorations being confined to the handsome centerpiece, and perhaps a few loose blossoms scattered about. Flowers may be also massed upon the sideboard or upon stands placed where they will not be in the way.

Where the number of guests is so small that they are to sit at the table, a very pretty way to brighten the effect is to have lengths of ribbon of different colors start from beneath the centerpiece of flowers and reach to the places of the guests, one to each. They should be of some just to the edge of the table. The ends are to be fringed and above, about where the plate will come, a pretty design should be painted. If these ribbons are to be made the favors, the name of the guest should also appear with the design. Another way to brighten the table is by the numerous doillies that are made of all shapes and materials, the finer and more delicate the better.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to hear of anything new and pretty in this direction from its members.

A Bonnet and Neck-Tie Party.

This entertainment is usually held "just for the fun of it," but can be used as the whole, or a part of a money-making occasion if desired.

An equal nuumber of ladies and gentlemen take part in it, and partners are drawn, by "favor," "partner cards," etc. The ladies are to bring a collection of perfectly bare hat or bonnet frames, the older the fashion, and the more battered up they are the better, and a collection of old ribbons, laces, artificial flowers and feathers. The gentlemen contribute materials for neckties, the more gorgeous material the gayer the result will be; all to come bringing thimbles, and thread, needles and pins are to be provided. After the partners are selected, pair No. 1 go to the tables where the supplies are deposited; the gentleman chooses the frames and trimmings he thinks most becoming his partner, and she selects materials for a necktie for him. Pair No. 2, then do the same, and so on until all are supplied. Then the gentlemen proceed to trim (?) the hats and bonnets, while the ladies make the neckties, in any shape they please. At the expiration of the time agreed upon, a bell rung, and the work stopped at whatever stage it may be, and each pair present themselves before the judges, who should be non-contestants, and each, in a little impromptu speech gives his or her reasons for thinking that their work should take the prize—on account of tastefulness of arrangement, harmony of colors, or becomingness to the wearer. These speeches should be very short, if there are many contestants, and after hearing them all, the judges should retire to consider the subject, during which time the contestants should march around the room to exhibit their works. When the judges return, a bell again summons the most interested parties to receive the prizes, which should consist of neckties, handkerchief cases, court-plaster cases, (for the needle wounds), scarf pins, etc., and should be presented with as much ceremony as possible.

SOME LITERARY TALK.

Advice to Cultivate Repose—Is Mars Inhabited?

To read one of the articles of the great French astronomer, Camilla Flammarion is to be held by a fascination which it is hard to escape from. He presents scientific facts clothed in words of fire, and when we have finished what he has to say, the conviction is strong within us that the world is upon the eve of discoveries so sublime as to make the heart stand still in an awe struck contemplation of the possibilities.

Such an article is that which leads in the current number of *The Arena*. In glowing language he tells of the recent wonderful discoveries in the region of the stars. He has shown us how by means of the undulations of the light waves shown in a star's spectrum astronomers know when it is approaching or receding. Comparing the rays with those proceeding from a stationary electric illuminator and other wonderful facts are discovered, among them that stars hitherto apparently immovable in the "immensity of the heavens," are really shooting "through that immensity at the prodigious rate of one, two and three hundred thousand meters a second." Oh, the wonder of it!

A MOST interesting thing, however, is that of his theory regarding the possibilities of future communication with the inhabitants of the planet Mars. It appears that an aged lady, Madame Guzman, was greatly interested in the author's descriptions of the planet in his book, "Urania," and left a bequest of 100,000 francs to the Institute of France to be awarded to any person of any country who should, within ten years, find any means of communicating with any star, planetary or otherwise.

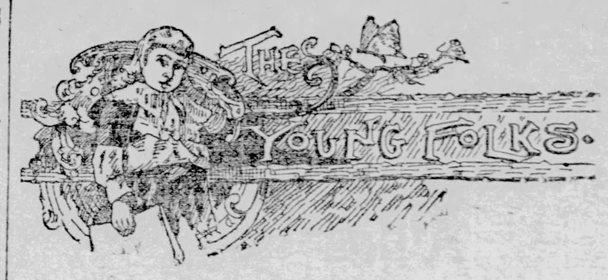
He then proceeds to apply the plan of communication to Mars, that he believes would be possible with the moon were it inhabited. For a description of that, I must refer readers to the article itself, but to those who are ready to flout at his words, one short sentence of his own is a sufficient answer: "In the history of progress let us not forget that the *impossibility* of yesterday is often the *reality* of to-morrow."

"CULTIVATE Repose" is the title of the last issue of the *White Cross Library*, and after reading it through, one is beset with a great longing to realize the possibility there presented. That it is a possibility for everybody, if for anybody, is certain, and it is absolutely desirable, beyond a doubt, for the whole world. The thought so strongly presented is that the striving for repose of spirit will bring that faith in the unseen power of God which will eventuate in the highest happiness. "Repose," says Mr. Mulford, "is a quality. It may be cultivated and gradually attained by allowing the mind to dwell upon it. Fix the word in your brain. Paste it up there figuratively. Paste it somewhere about you literally. You want the thought in your mind. You want to plant it there so it may grow. It will then take root and grow. As it grows, you will, despite ten thousand failures, find yourself on the gain."

He strongly urges that we should bring more variety in our lives, changes that shall prevent that monotony which makes everything pall upon us and brings a weariness which in the end prevents fruitful action. Mind allowed to rest gains new ideas and new force to carry out ideas. A new idea is worth waiting for. It was a new idea that gave us the telegraph, the telephone, and the other wonders of the nineteenth century.

The essay closes with the following paragraph: "Repose opens more and more the spiritual faculties, the finer perceptive powers, the faculty of seeing beauty and use in the many neglected things about us."

The *White Cross Library* is published by F. J. Needham, 52 West Fourteenth street, New York City.



For the Young Folks.

WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

"BY A MISPLACED THREE-YEAR-OLD."

Mozzer bought a baby,
'Ittle bitsy sing,
Sink I mos' could put him
From my ubber ring.
Ain't he awful ugly?
Ain't he awful pink?
"Just come down from heaven"—
Tat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anosser
Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out of joint, zen,
Ta't ain't why I cry.
Mamma stays up bedroom—
Guess he makes her sick;
Frow him in the gutter,
If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!
Call him "blessed 'sing!"
Don't care if my kite ain't
Got a bit of string!
Send me off with Biddy
Every single day,
"Be a good boy, Charlie;
Run away and play!"

Sink I ought to love him!
No, I won't, so zare!
Nassy, crying baby,
Not got any hair.
Got all my nicest kisses,
Got my place in bed;
Mean to take my drum-stick
And crack him on the head.

—[Mrs. Harry O'Flanigan.

THE CATBOAT RACE—WHO WON THE PRIZE.

We find in *St. Nicholas* a story which we are very sorry is too long for our crowded columns.

Six catboats were entered for a race by the boys stopping at one of our seaboard towns, and there was great excitement among the contestants as to which should win the prize. A gentleman much interested in the prevention of cruelty to animals, stopping there, wishing to test the humanity of the boys and teach them all a good lesson, arranged to put a cat on a rock which they must all pass, and which with the rising of the tide they must see would be drowned unless rescued (though he had a man with a boat behind a neighboring island to save her if the boys did not). When Philip Carr, who sailed the boat sure to win, saw the five slower boats sail by with no attempt at rescue, he decided to forfeit his chances for the prize and save the cat. His comrade objected, but Phil said grimly, "I'm going for that cat."

Then, in an instant, he jumped to his feet, shoved over the tiller and began hauling in his sheet. The boat came up to the wind, and in another moment, with her sheet trimmed well aft, the Nameless was running off at a sharp angle from her former course.

He lost the prize but saved the cat. The gentleman had procured a large tin watch as the booby prize for the boat that came last. When the other prizes had been distributed Phil came forward with the cat in his arms to take the booby prize.

Then Mr. Poindexter came forward holding a pasteboard box.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I believe watches or chronometers are generally considered indispensable on board ship."

Then he took up the tin watch from the box and held it up to view. There was a burst of good-natured merriment from the audience. They understood that this was the booby prize.

"I suppose they are needed," continued the speaker, "to keep the ship from being behind time." At this there was more merriment. Then he added, facetiously, "I don't know whether this is the starboard watch or the port watch or the dog watch. Perhaps it is the anchor watch." Whereupon those who were listing laughed more than ever; all except Phil, who did not see anything funny about it.

Then Mr. Poindexter's manner suddenly became graver

"But before I call upon the young gentleman who has won this valuable prize to come forward and receive it, I wish to show you its works," said he, "and to tell you a story about it."

Mr. Poindexter, as he said these words, touched a spring in the case of the watch, which, flying open, disclosed a bright object within. This object he took out and held up to view. It was a beautiful gold watch and chain. The audience gazed at it in silent wonder. Phil Carr more amazed aan mystified than all the rest.

"I am," continued Mr. Poindexter, smiling, "a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That is my hobby, people say. And I am quite content that they should call it so, if they like. Certainly the objects which that society has commend themselves to me, and I think so well of them that I do everything I can to forward them wherever I am. When I came down here and learned about the boat race, I immediately concocted a little plan of my own.

"I had a man take a steam launch and go down to what you know as High-water Rock and leave there, on the rock, a cat I had borrowed. I did not mean to put her in danger. The man had instructions to run over to Wood Island until the boats went by, and then go back and take her off again. I had an object in view which I thought warranted me in subjecting her to so much anxiety. I knew that the boats, in sailing the full stretch of the race, would pass in full view of the rock and must see the cat. And I knew that each of those boys would know that if the poor creature were left there the tide would certainly come up before long and drown her. My object was to see if any of the boys would turn aside from the race to pick her up. I hoped that some of them would be humane enough to do so even though he should thereby damage his prospects in the race. I am glad to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that the plan has succeeded admirably.

"The captain of one of the boats had the race practically in his hands. Four of the boats were well behind him and he was fast overhauling the one that was ahead. And yet, in spite of this, when he saw that none of the others would do it, he himself stood over to Highwater Rock and rescued the cat from her perilous position. I saw the whole race through a spy-glass. It was a noble act. I honor and praise the young gentleman for it. And in the name of the society which in some sense I represent, I thank him for it, and beg him to accept this watch as a tribute to his real manliness of character. Will Master Philip Carr please come to the platform?"

Then Phil, confused and blushing, went forward and presently found himself, cat and all, standing before the audience, while a perfect storm of applause burst upon him from the hundred true friends of his that were present. Everybody liked Phil Carr, but they liked him that day as they had never liked him before. And when he received his new gold watch everybody was glad and happy overit as he was himself.

"Ah, Phil!" said the bishop's daughter, as she took his hand to congratulate him, "this is better than beating the Flash, is it not?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Phil. And then he added, confidentially, "but I mean to beat the Flash yet, Miss Mwitland."

The Touch of a Flower.

One, two, three, four! Mr. S., the shipbuilder, started from his seat at his office table as the tall clock rang out the hour, closed the books that lay around him and crossed the room to an open window, through which the breeze from the river came up to cool the warm air. The noise of clinking iron and of workmen's calls floated up to him from the great shipyards below. His all his—the piles of steel and copper—the unfinished hulks of many vessels—yes, even the great iron steamer so near completion, from whose sides resounded the blows of hammers. The workmen—a thousand or more—were his also, to work, to toil, to slave in winter's cold and summer's sun that his wealth might grow from great to greater, year by year. What matter to him the noise and the heat? At the shipyard gate his daughter waits in the carriage, and he would join her and roll away swiftly from the tumult and unsightliness to the coolness of the green parks.

Some one came in to ask a final order; in five minutes thus consumed Gertrude and the roses did their part.

"Thomas," said she to the coachman as she waited in the open baronche, fair and sweet to see in her summer toilet with the bunch of roses on her breast, "can the men down there stop hammering if they're awfully tired or warm?"

"La, no, Miss!" answered the coachman, with an amused smile. "Its work day in and day out steady, or no bread for 'em."

Just then a tired looking workman came very near to the shining wheels as he half staggered back to his place among the others. Gertrude leaned forward, and before Thomas could enter a vigorous objection, her clear young voice was saying:

"I am so sorry you are tired! Would you like my roses?"

The young girl unpinned the bunch on her breast and held them, sweet and fair, out to the bewildered man. He took them with a muttered blessing.

"Papa," she said, a minute later as they rolled away towards the boulevards, "I'm thinking."

Mr. S. smiled back at the earnest face raised towards his.

"When we go to Newport," she asked, a minute later, "what does Hays do with all the flowers?"

"I'm sure Gertrude I can't answer that; I suppose they bloom and die. He always has orders to keep up the house and grounds as if we were at home. Are you thinking of any of your pet plants now?"

"No; I was thinking how many must be wasted in our garden. Oh, papa, could I give them to the men? Not I, you know, for I won't be here, but somebody. That man was so glad to get the roses to carry home!"

Then the whole little story came out. At first Mr. S. laughed and teased and called the whole thing impracticable, absurd, and told Gertrude to forget such nonsense; she need not worry her brain about the workmen. But the days went on; so did Gertrude's pleading go on with them.

"Just let Hays cut the flowers he don't really need, papa, and you get two or three of those boys that run the errands to give them now and then to the men when we are away."

"A pretty story for me to be giving my men bouquets!" said Mr. S.

Nevertheless one day he did call Tim and Chips and Ben, three of the most reliable dock boys in the yard, and sent them up to the great house on the boulevard with distinct orders to carry out the wishes of Miss Gertrude.

Twice a week all that hot summer, as the tired workmen passed through the gates homeward, the three boys, with many a smile and joking word, "gave out the flowers for Miss Gertrude," and many a blessing from lips unused to blessing fell on the head of the child away by the sea.

People said those flowers worked wonders all that year. When the mutterings of strikes and uproar ran rife through the land all was quietness and peace at the shipyards. Perhaps there floated the sweet incense of those summer roses to quiet troubled hearts. The rich man himself learned the lesson as he watched the men start homeward with the bit of brightness they carried. He learned that all men, great or humble, rich or poor, can be helped to higher and nobler living.—[Our Dumb Animals.

WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to the crustaceaus or shell fish,

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The Fight Probably Narrowed Down to Crisp and Mills—The Alliance Men Not in the Contest.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—(Special.)—Developments in the speakership contest indicate that the Farmers' Alliance is on its last legs. Its sockless mouthpiece, Simpson, has insisted that the Alliance men were going to stand together in the organization of the House and work of the session, and has even gone so far as to insist upon a third division on the House floor for Alliance men. He also announced, with a great flourish, that the Alliance men would have their own speakership candidate and make no terms with either party. The tremendous dressing down the Alliance got in the late election seems to have rattled its members, however, and they are hurrying back into Democratic ranks as fast as possible. They make a bee line for the headquarters of the speakership candidates as soon as they come to town, and announce themselves anxious to go into a Democratic caucus. This is especially the case with Southern men, who say frankly that the Alliance is Democratic. The result is that Simpson to-day practically gives up the fight, and says he only knows of nine men who will go into the Alliance caucus for speaker. This admission, in the face of the recent claim of 60 Alliance votes in the House, shows how rapidly rats are deserting the sinking Alliance ship, and, coupled with the multitudinous splits and factional quarrels, marks the approaching dissolution of this latest political monstrosity.

The truth about the Alliance, particularly in the South, is fully stated by Mr. Winn, of Georgia, who says that he will go into the Democratic caucus, and that he does not believe there is an Alliance member in the South who will not vote with the Democrats. "Down South," he added, "the Alliance and the Democracy are one."

The fight between Mills and Crisp is getting more bitter every day and is the most intense that has been known in many years. Mills undoubtedly has the support of Mr. Cleveland and his friends, although Crisp's friends assert that the ex-President will not interfere in the fight. The attack on Mr. Crisp's soundness on the subject of tariff reform is indignantly resented by that gentleman's friends, though Mr. Mills so red a neat point when he asserted that every protection Democrat and every protection Democratic newspaper in the country supported Crisp, and was unfriendly to himself. Notwithstanding the claims made by the Crisp men, it looks now as if Mills would succeed. It is not improbable that McMillan will retire in favor of the Texan, although he will not do so until the last moment, and will keep up a show of fight in order to hold his friends together. Indeed, some of Mr. McMillan's friends think that Mills and Crisp may kill each other and then the Tennessean will have a good show himself for the speakership.

It is undoubtedly on this belief that both the leading candidates will be killed off, that Mr. Springer is conducting such an active canvass. He has opened headquarters at the National hotel and is to be reinforced by over a hundred Illinoisans, among whom are Senator-elect Palmer, Judge Lambert Tree, ex-minister to Belgium; Fred. S. Winston, ex-minister to Persia, and Gen. Adlai S. Stevenson, who, under Mr. Cleveland, made a far better decapitation record as first assistant postmaster-general than any man who ever held the office.

THE FIGHT AGAINST BRICE.

Democrats Alarmed at the Attitude of the Republicans in Ohio.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—(Special.)—Dispatches from Ohio indicating that the Republican leaders in that state and elsewhere, are really in earnest in their effort to oust Brice, of New York, from the United States Senate, makes a good deal of excitement. Democrats here, who hoped Hill's capture of the New York legislature would enable them to get control of the United States Senate by redistricting the state and electing a Democratic successor to Hiscock. Republican senators are silent as to their individual course in the matter, but say significantly that they think it quite a proper matter to be looked into by the Senate. It is believed that if the Ohio legislature should send a Republican here who would claim Brice's seat, the chances of his being admitted would be very good, especially in view of the intense political feeling stirred up by recent events in New York relative to the legislature.

SECRETARY PROCTOR'S SUCCESSOR

Gen. Lewis A. Grant May be Given the War Portfolio.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—It is not improbable that President Harrison has a surprise in store for the country in the shape of an announcement that he has concluded to appoint Assistant Secretary of War General Lewis A. Grant to be the successor of Secretary Proctor. The information has been given out quietly by some of General Grant's friends that his appointment has been decided upon, and their statements are given color of accuracy by the fact that Monday afternoon Secretary Blaine and Vice President Morton called upon General Grant, and had a protracted interview with him. General Grant is from Minnesota, and has been a very popular assistant secretary of war, standing very well in the estimation of the President and Secretary Proctor.

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INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

Review of the Results Accomplished During the Past Fiscal Year—Pensions Issued and Lands Taken Up.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The report of the secretary of the Interior to the President exhibits clearly the condition of affairs in this great department. The work accomplished during the last fiscal year has been of immense volume and of signal importance.

The general land office is nearly abreast of its work; the Indian bureau is accomplishing the rapid disintegration of the Indian reservations, the severance of tribal relations and the education of the Indian youth. The pension office is rapidly completing the allowance of all pensions legally possible under the laws, moving at the rate of about 30,000 a month; the census has been taken and its publication is rapidly going on; the geological survey is keeping up its admirable work and is selecting the reservoirs for the arid lands of the Far West and South west; the railroad bureau is making ready for the maturity of the debts due from the subsidized railroads, the Union Pacific and others; the bureau of education, besides having distributed the vast fund allowed the agricultural colleges for white and colored pupils in the different states, is engaged in new plans for the accumulation and distribution of information useful for the schools and their better management; and the patent office having celebrated its centennial, is still advancing in the volume and variety of its interesting and great investigations and patents. Besides all these the management of the Yellowstone National park, the Yosemite National park, the Sequoia National park, the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and of the other institutions under the secretary, almost endless in number, is reviewed with care, and many valuable suggestions made as to each.

Land Office Patents.

In the execution of the public land laws the more liberal policy adopted at the beginning of the present administration has been followed with gratifying results.

The number of agricultural patents, which includes those for homesteads, issued for 1889, was 70,141; for 1890, 117,247, and for 1891, 114,350; and there were left of final entries for such lands at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1891, only 84,172.

Irrigation.

Much prominence is given in the report to the subject of reservoirs an irrigation ditches for storing surplus water of the streams and conveying it to arid lands. Under existing laws private corporations and associations are, the secretary suggests, given control of the water supply of the domain that may be reclaimed by irrigation and this field is being rapidly seized upon. The United States, by existing legislation, does not retain sufficient control. While the expense of building these reservoirs and ditches would be so great that the United States may not endeavor to undertake the work, it would seem to be absolutely essential that there should be reserved to the government power of forfeiture and resumption in case of great abuse, or conflict of interest between the states, or of allowing the irrigation of the fields described to fall into the hands of the monopolists without sufficient protection for the people.

Indian Affairs.

While it is not claimed that perfection has yet been reached in the Indian service, it is mentioned that in common judgment of those familiar with and interested in the welfare of the Indians, this service has been greatly improved. The Indian population is reported as 250,483, exclusive of natives of Alaska. The number of Indian youth enrolled and the average attendance in the schools have largely increased. The appropriations for schools have largely increased from year to year, and the liberality of Congress has been pronounced during the present administration. In 1888 the appropriation for support of Indian schools was $1,179,916, in 1891, $1,842,770, and for 1892 it is $2,291,050. The Indians, as a rule, have consented so readily to send their children to school that it was not found necessary immediately to enforce attendance as authorized by act of March 3, 1891.

Over 16,000 Indians have already become citizens of the United States, and about 4,000 more, by taking their allotments, have signified their desire to become citizens. To these numbers should be added the 7,619 Indians in Oklahoma who have taken or agreed to take allotments. A total of 27,619 Indians naturalized, and total of acres acquired for settlement of about 23,000,000 during the present administration alone.

The allotment law, commonly known as the Dawes bill, has secured for its author the praise of all interested in the welfare of the Indians. It has been accepted as the very best means of solving the Indian problem, and it is receiving an administration chiefly by written consent and agreement by the Indians that promises to develop rapidly its benefit to the allotees.

The work accomplished by the different commissions authorized by Congress to treat with the Indians is reviewed by the secretary at length, and an account is given of the troubles with the Sioux which culminated in the fight with that tribe on the Pine Ridge reservation in December, 1890.

The Mormon Church.

Referring to the declaration of the Mormon church, through its president, in September, 1890, that plural marriages are not encouraged nor solemnized by the church, and calling upon its members to refrain from contracting such marriages, the governor inclines to the belief that this action is sincere, and should be so regarded until there is reason for thinking otherwise. The majority of the Utah commission in their report do not concur in the views of the governor on this subject. They doubt the sincerity of the Mormon church in its declarations against polygamy. The territory is progressing most favorably in material wealth and social elevation under the present conditions. No doubt the time will come when it may be admitted into the Union with pride and safety, but it is believed that that time is not at hand.

Nicaraguan Canal Company.

The president of this company reports that during the past year much progress was made in the actual work of destruction. Many of the accessory works have been extended and in some cases carried to completion. The railroad from the Atlantic port to the divide has been completed, equipped, and is now in operation for a distance of eleven miles. About 3,000 feet of actual excavation along the canal has been made, forming a channel from 150 to 230 feet wide and about 17 feet deep.

Since the organization of the company 10,145 shares of the capital stock have been subscribed for at par, amounting to $1,014,500. Receipts from other sources amount to $27,216 12. The company has expended and issued for property, labor, materials, and administration expenses $808,340.21 In cash, and 27,850 shares of the full paid capital stock of the par value of $3,778,000 and it is obligated for $5,953,000 of its first mortgage bonds. It has also issued 180,000 shares of stock (par value $18,000,000) in payment for concessionary rights, privileges, franchises and other property. The liabilities consist of the amounts due under concessions granted of the $5,953,000 of bonds which are due the Nicaraguan Canal Construction Co. for labor and materials in construction of the canal, and of outstanding cash liabilities not to exceed $30,000.

The report referring to the Nicaragua canal concludes as follows:

It seems appropriate that this great highway for the products and manufacture from imports to the United States should be connected with the department of the interior. Soon our commerce must reach not only the States of South America and Mexico, but China and the east by the western route. It is gratifying to note that this short passage to some of the greatest commercial markets of the world will be ready by the time a demand for it becomes imperative.

A Rumor Revived.

Publications regarding Blaine's health have revived a rumor current here last week that the President had demanded that he declare his intentions relative to his candidacy. This report is believed to be true, as to the desire for an understanding between Blaine and Harrison, but it is not believed that it will result in any public announcement at present. There seems to be no reason to doubt that Blaine desires the renomination of Mr. Harrison in case he is not himself a candidate, and it is easy to see that should he publicly announce that he is in the race now it would bring other candidates to the surface at once. On the other hand, if Blaine be a candidate there is nothing to gain by such an announcement, which might have to be withdrawn any day by a change in his health.

Equipment Bureau.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—In his annual report to the secretary of the navy, Commodore Dewey, chief of the bureau of equipment, summarizes the work of his bureau during the past fiscal year as follows:

During the past fiscal year 53 vessels have been either wholly or partly equipped under this bureau at an expenditure of labor and material of $634,239. Commodore Dewey encloses the reports of the superintendents of the naval observatory and the nautical almanac office, and of the naval inspector of electric lighting.

Rescinded by the President.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—The President has rescinded the order transferring the military reservation of Fort Marion, N. M., to the Interior department for disposition under the law and he now directs its use as a military post until further orders.

New Consul to Bermuda.

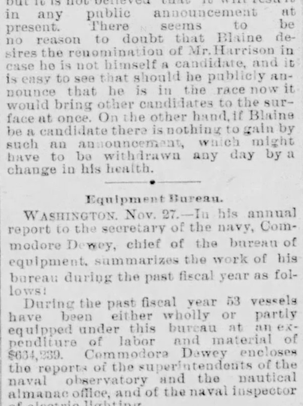
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27.—W. K. Sullivan, for many years editor of the Chicago *Journal*, and who had recently resigned on account of ill health, has been appointed consul to Bermuda.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK.

Impressive Ceremonies in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of His Consecration as a Catholic Bishop.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 30.—On November 30, 1841, just fifty years ago, Peter Richard Kenrick, was consecrated a bishop of the Roman Catholic church. To-day the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration, his golden jubilee, is being celebrated with a pomp and glorification never before witnessed, excepting on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Leo XIII.

The grand pontifical mass commemorative of the occasion began at 9 o'clock in the historic old cathedral on Walnut street. It was the most impressive ceremony ever seen in a Catholic church in this city, the leading representatives of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the United States officiating. An hour be-



ARCHBISHOP KENRICK.

fore this grand ceremony took place the venerable archbishop said mass privately in his own chapel and then repaired to the cathedral where he, in cope and mitre, and assisted the cardinal. As has been stated, the jubilee sermon was delivered by his grace, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who for years held the coadjutor bishopric of this province. Preceding the mass there was an impressive procession from the cathedral parish school, situated next to the church, to the main entrance of the cathedral.

Archbishop Kenrick.

Fifty years ago Peter Richard Kenrick now Roman Catholic archbishop of the Metropolitan See, was consecrated a bishop. His golden jubilee is the first event of the kind in the United States. In May last a meeting was held in St. Louis, where the venerable archbishop resides, for the purpose of considering how the golden jubilee of his consecration should be celebrated. It was determined to build a residence for him, to cost $50,000. This has been accomplished. Five hundred invitations have been issued to the commemorative pontifical mass to be celebrated in the cathedral at St. Louis on November 30, when the archbishop will take possession of his new house and appropriate festivities will be held.

Archbishop Kenrick was born in Dublin, in 1806. He is a graduate of Maynooth college, and was ordained priest in 1832. In 1833 he came to this country, his brother being at the time Bishop of Philadelphia, where he was given a professor's chair at Overbrook seminary. Two years after he was made pastor of the cathedral parish, and president of the seminary. In 1837 he was appointed vicar-general; in 1841, coadjutor of Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, whom he succeeded in the See in 1843. His consecration as Bishop of Drasa, at Philadelphia, on November 30, 1841, is the event to be celebrated. Dr. Kenrick has been an archbishop since 1847. He is small in stature, very intellectual looking, a man of great learning and piety and a wise administrator.

The railways committee of the French chamber of deputies has approved a bill to extend the railways in southern Algeria to Tunis. It is believed that this railway extension bill will furnish effective means to subdue the tribes harassing the frontier.

OWEN MEREDITH IS DEAD.

The Author of Lucile Passes Away in Paris, Where He Represented Great Britain.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—The Right Honorable Edward Bulwer Lytton, G. C. B., embassador to France, poet, novelist, diplomat, died in Paris yesterday. He

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

was best known in America by his literary works, published over the nom de plume "Owen Meredith." "Lucile," issued in 1860, at once attained a wide-spread popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. This was followed three years later by the "Ring of Amasis." In 1854 appeared his "Fables in Song," and in 1877 "After Paradise, or Legends of Exile." Among his prose works are "Speeches of Edward, Lord Lytton," with a prefatory memoir issued in 1874, and "The Life, Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton," issued in 1883.

A Diplomatic Life.

Lord Lytton was appointed minister to France four years ago. His last public office previous to this was that of viceroy of India, a position which he resigned in 1887 simultaneously with Lord Beaconsfield's retirement from the premiership. Lord Lytton may be said to have spent most of his life in diplomatic service. When not quite 18 years of age he was appointed October 12, 1849, attache at Washington, where his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, afterward Lord Dalling and Bulwer, was minister. Since then he has acted as attache at Florence, The Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople and Vienna. He also represented his country in a diplomatic capacity at Copenhagen, Athens, Lisbon, Madrid and Paris. He concluded the negotiations for a compromise treaty between England and Portugal, and was nominated by Disraeli in 1876 as viceroy of India. In January, 1876, he succeeded to the title as second Baron Lytton.

"LAND-BILL" ALLEN,

The Father of the Great Homestead Law Quietly Passes Away in the Cheerless and Barren Infirmary at Columbus.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 30.—(Special.)—After years spent as the benefactor of the poor, a large fortune liberally donated to the advancement of the laboring man, and the placing of thousands of poor farmers upon comfortable homesteads in the West, "Land-Bill" Allen ends his days in poverty, misery and alone. In a dingy little room, and upon a hard, narrow cot this warm-hearted benefactor died, within the cold walls of the Franklin county infirmary. A stroke of paralysis one week ago deprived him of all use of his body, and yesterday at 6 a. m., as the cathedral bell announced the new day, his life went forth for its reward. Had he lived until May 23, he would have been 83 years old.

George Wheaton Allen was his

christian name, and Connecticut was the state of his birth. A common school education and the tailor trade fitted him for the part he was to assume in after life. From the roguish epithet of "stitch louse," flung at him by playmates, he grew up to hate the tailor trade. Shortly afterwards he entered journalism, and controlled the *Rhode Islander*, Marysville, Zena Weaver, he came out to Ohio, and ere long took charge of the *Ohio State Journal*, as managing editor. Subsequently he filled a similar position upon the Cincinnati *Gazette*. All of this time he had in his mind the homestead idea, that he had been considering since he was 20 years of age. His Utopian hope was to get up a colony and go West, but more mature consideration convinced him that something better yet could be devised, and soon the land bill in its rude form was born.

He had acquired some money and quite a fortune had been left him, so he turned all his attention toward the realization of his plans. Sixty thousand dollars were freely spent in gaining advocates to his theories and at last, in 1863, the great "land bill" passed through Congress. By this measure any man inclined to go West secured 160 acres of land by agreeing to live upon it. Allen went West selling notions and upon his wagon was the painted sign, that attracted universal attention:

"LAND BILL ALLEN'S WAGON!"
"LAND FOR EVERYBODY!"
"GIVE US SOIL THAT WE MAY THRIVE."

Allen soon returned without taking a claim, and settled upon his farm, near here. Sickness and the death of his family soon ate a large hole in his remaining fortunes, and at last he saw his possessions taken away from him to pay taxes. With the infirmities of age fast descending, he found himself alone in the world and not one cent with which to provide the necessaries of life.

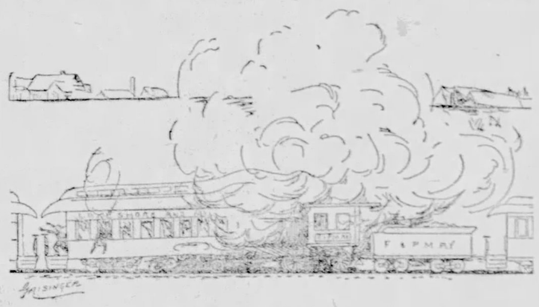
Such was his condition when he was placed in the Franklin county infirmary, the early part of October. That act was heralded over the country. Subscriptions were started in the East and West, but sad to note, the money—and a large sum has already been obtained—is yet in the hands of the solicitors and the poor old man died without appreciating the efforts of his friends. One little, old fashioned watch was all that remained in his possession, outside of a few worthless papers.

CHILD ABDUCTED.

$5,000 in Cash Handed Over by Millionaire Beals, of Kansas City, for the Recovery of His Kidnaped Son.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 27.—This place was startled, Wednesday evening, by the announcement of the bold kidnapping of the 2-year-old son of David T. Beals, president of the Union National bank, and a millionaire capitalist of this city, well known throughout the West. The abduction occurred under conditions that make the tracing of the child and his abductoress extremely difficult, inasmuch as they appear to have disappeared as completely as if they had been annihilated.

The kidnapping was done by the waitress, known as Lizzie Smith, engaged in the Beals household. Just as the family was finishing dinner in the evening the waitress remarked that she would go out after the evening paper, which is always delivered on the veranda of the house. She had been gone but a few moments when Mr. Beals heard an outer door slam. This, while not being unusual at all, somehow excited his suspicion, and going into the hall he found that his little son was not playing about. The child had



SCENE OF THE WRECK.

been playing in the hall with two of Mr. Beals's grandchildren. Upon being questioned they said that Lizzie had taken the child out of a side entrance.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving Day, a day of rejoicing, was transformed into a day of sadness for David T. Beals and his family. His 2-year-old boy was kidnapped and held for ransom.

Yesterday, one of sorrow for the family, was transformed into a day of gladness. The child was recovered last night upon the payment of $5,000.

At 7 o'clock in the evening a man of strange appearance presented himself at the front door of the Beals mansion. He wore a false face and a wig and was dressed very like a day laborer. He told the servant who answered the bell that he must see Mr. Beals immediately. Mr. Beals went to the door. The man said he was a detective; that he had found the abductress and her accomplices; that they had the lost child in their possession; that they

Demanded $20,000 Ransom

and that he was prepared to deliver the child to its parents for that amount. Mr. Beals declined to pay that sum and stuck to his original offer of $5,000. It was finally agreed that the "detective" should deliver the child for that amount. Mr. Beals told the police and detectives that he had pledged his honor that the deliverer of the child should not be arrested while engaged in the carrying out of his part of the contract and ordered them positively not to interfere with his plans and they did not.

At 10 o'clock a ring brought Mr. Beals to the door. He saw his lost child in the arms of the ruffian who had bargained for the delivery of the child. Mr. Beals, who had drawn $5,000 in bank notes early to-day in order to be ready to fulfill his part of the bargain,

Counted Out The Money

before the eyes of the man and placed the money in the outer pocket of the latter's coat. At the same time the masked man placed in the arms of the overjoyed father the lost child who was sleeping soundly, ignorant that he was being returned to his anxious parents. The joy of the parents cannot be told. When a representative of the Associated Press arrived at the house the child had been dressed for the night but he was apparently so glad to be at home again that there was little sleep in his wondering eyes.

Very little is known of Lizzie Smith, the abductress. The first trace of her in this city was found when it was discovered that she and two men, one of whom is known here as Albert King, and who is supposed to be her husband, rented a cottage about a month ago at No. 1538 Lydia avenue.

Of the other man practically nothing is known. The trio had occupied the house only a week. Mrs. King answered an advertisement for a waitress by Mrs. Beals. She was engaged, giving her name as Lizzie Smith without references.

It is supposed that the masked man who secured the $5,000 ransom was Albert King, the principal accomplice in the crime.

Mrs. King Was Arrested

at midnight, but refused to be interviewed by any of the newspaper men. King has not been arrested and it is not positively known that the other man figured at all in the crime.

Every effort was made to secure some information from "Junior Bees," but he is too young to speak plainly.

He was asked who carried him away.

"Lizzie," he lisped.

"But where did she take you?"

"Riding," the boy replied.

"And what did they do with you?"

"Nanas," and that was all the boy could tell; enough, however, to convict Lizzie Smith of one of the most cruel crimes on the calendar.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 28.—The mysterious King, alias Dennis, alias Spinole, who, it is said, returned the kidnapped Beals child, was arrested this morning at 4 o'clock. He is the chief conspirator in the abduction and was undoubtedly the man who delivered the child and obtained the $5,000 ransom last night. He was entering the house at 1,531 Park avenue, where Lizzie Smith, alias Lizzie King, was captured last night, when he was arrested. He had opened the back door, when a policeman who had been placed there in expectation that he might return, placed him under arrest. At the police station King was searched. No money was found upon him. There was a 38-calibre revolver in his hip pocket, but he did not attempt to use it when arrested. King had little to say. He replied to questions as to his part in the abduction: "I know nothing about it, the woman can tell you everything." He refused to say whether it was he who returned "Junior Bees" and received the $5,000.

Mr. Beals, father of the boy who was kidnaped at Kansas City, Mo., last week, says he has no intention of prosecuting the abductors, he says that when his boy was returned he gave his word that he would institute no criminal action and he intends to keep his word.

FEARFUL COLLISION.

An Engine Crashes Into a Passenger Coach Within Toledo's City Limits.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 1.—At 5:30 o'clock, city time, Saturday evening the Lake Shore Boston and Chicago special was struck by the Flint & Pere Marquette, No. 3, and the day coach at the rear telescoped. Eight dead and nearly a score wounded is the result so far.

The scene of the disaster, which is the worst railroad wreck ever happening in Toledo, was close by the tunnel under the Miami and Erie canal, and between it and the Field avenue bridge over the railroad. It is about eighty rods from the Union depot, and in a deep cut with sides leading up from the railroad track, steep and precipitous. This tunnel is about 100 feet long.

The Boston and Chicago special is a fast train leaving Chicago at 10:30 in the morning, and due in Toledo at 4:55 standard time. On Saturday it was made up of three sleepers, dining car, buffet car, and an ordinary day coach in the rear, for way passengers. There were about 25 people in the coach at the time of the accident. When the Lake Shore train left Air Line Junction it was six minutes late. Tom Boyd was at the throttle and Chas. Humphrey was the conductor. When they pulled out of Air Line Junction the Flint & Pere Marquette passenger train, No. 3, was close behind. This train is due at the Union depot at 4:58, two minutes ahead of the Boston & Chicago special, No. 6, but it was nine minutes late, and of course fell into the rear.

When near the tunnel, No. 6 was flagged by a freight ahead of and it, Boyd picked up the red light, stopping his train just beyond the tunnel with his engine close to the Field avenue bridge. Conductor Humphrey sent his brakeman back immediately to flag the F. & P. M. The tunnel was filled with smoke, according to the brakeman's statements, and he was fearful about entering the jaws of death. He waved the red light, but it was too late.

The engine of No. 3 crashed into the rear of the day car, and plowed its pilot clear up to the middle of the coach. The car roof cut down the whistle, and the steam poured out in almost a solid column, floating out into great clouds, almost enveloping the wreck, and hiding it from the view of the crowd that came almost instantly. The pop valve of the engine was broken off, and the locomotive was otherwise broken up. The screams and cries and groans filled the deep cut almost instantly. The windows had all been shut. Miss Dolly Fisher, of Toledo, smashed out a pane and crawled through into the air. Help was at hand almost instantly. Many people rushed down from the stores, barber shop and saloon above, and began to aid in the work of rescuing the imprisoned passengers. The steam was cooking those pinioned in the cars very rapidly. The windows were smashed in and some of the passengers leaped through. Others had to be aided. The engine had acted like a great wedge, and split the car almost in twain.

The cooked and lifeless form of the infant of Mrs. McDonald, of New York, was the first to be taken out; the son, aged 8, was next found almost lifeless, a minute later. The mother, half frantic moaning for her children, was brought out, but became unconscious almost immediately. Mrs. Sarah McColgin, of Madison, Ill., was scalded so terribly that she died soon after, and was taken with the two children to Undertaker Couldwell's, by direction of Detective John Cavanaugh of the Lake Shore. Sixteen of the injured were carried up the bank and laid on the floor of Lawinsky's saloon. Both ambulances, and the patrol wagon had been sent for, and transfer office carriages came up from the depot. Doctors Munn, Lawless, Health Officer Fisher and other physicians, rendered assistance, being on the ground almost immediately. Jas. McQuinn, of Elkhart, Ind., a cripple, who afterwards died, was carried to the house of a man named Martin, near by, and later moved to St. Vincent's. Sixteen of the injured were taken to St. Vincent's hospital, Mrs. John P. Nelson, seriously scalded, and her son-in-law, W. L. Potter, of Des Moines, were taken to the home of Mrs. Nelson, at 719 Jefferson street. Miss Dolly Fisher was taken home in a carriage, Dr. Rudolph Murphy, of the East Side, was carried to St. Vincent's. L. S. Walker, of Goshen, Ind., returned home after having his wounds dressed. Conductor Hunter, of the F. & P. M. train, who was injured by being thrown against a seat and the only one on that train hurt, went to the Oliver House and retired to bed. Christ Hinderer, an agent for the Buckeye brewery, a boarder at the Union hotel, was scalded, but went to his room at the hotel and is doing well. James Ludwig, of Peoria, Ill., went to the home of friends.

Clearing Away the Wreck.

Police were stationed on the embankment to keep away tramps, or ghouls, whom it would not do to let down even in such a region of horrors. The wreck was soon cleared away and the car taken to a side track in the yards. The regularly, slow, ringing of the locomotive bells sounded like a funeral toll, as they moved along one after the other, following up the wrecked car. The disaster came with startling suddenness, and was the only topic in the city Saturday night, and, it might be said, the principal one yet. Very few of the victims were bruised or crushed. Most all were scalded by the steam from the locomotive and the burst steam pipes in the car. The wreck caught fire, but not until the car had been emptied. It was quenched in a few moments.

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The probable Field of the Next European War will be described in the Series of Papers From the Black Forest to the Black Sea, by Poultney Bigelow and F. D. Millet, superbly illustrated by Mr. Millet and Alfred Parsons. Papers will also be given on the German, Austrian, and Italian Armies, illustrated, from studies made last summer in Europe, by T. de Thulstrup.

Mr. W. D. Howells will contribute a new novel, A World of Chance, characteristically American. Especial prominence will be given to Short Stories, which will be contributed by T. B. Aldrich, R. H. Davis, A. Conan Doyle, Margaret Deland, Miss Woolson, Miss Wilkins, and other popular writers.

Among the literary features will be Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by his college classmate and life-long friend Horatio Bridge, and a Personal Memoir of the Brownings by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY for the coming year will contain more attractive features, more and finer illustrations, and a greater number of articles of live, intense interest than will be found in any other similar periodical. Among these latter will be a series of articles on the Twenty-five Greatest Cities of the World, including five hundred illustrations. The Columbian Exposition, the Army and Navy, Great Public Events, Disasters on Land and Sea, and the Doings of Celebrated People of the Day will be described and illustrated in an appropriate and timely manner. The Department of Amateur Sport will continue under the direction of Caspar W. Whitney. The best of modern writers will contribute short stories, and the most distinguished artists will supply illustrations. The editorials by Mr. George William Curtis will continue an attractive feature of the paper.

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HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. It gives the latest information with regard to the Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris Designs, and Pattern-sheet Supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The Serials for 1892 will be written by Walter Besant and William Black. Mrs. Oliphant will become a contributor. Marion Harland's Timely Talks, Day In and Day Out, are intended for matrons, and Helen Marshall North will specially address girls. T. W. Higginson, in Women and Men, will please a cultivated audience.

Harper's Young People.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. XIII., began on November 3, 1891. For the coming year this best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for youthful readers offers a varied and fascinating programme. In serial fiction it will contain Diego Pinzon, a story of the first voyage of Columbus, by John R. Coryell; Canoemates: a Story of the Florida Reefs and Everglades, by Kirk Munroe; another story by one of the best known and most popular of American authors; and stories in three and four parts by Thomas Nelson Page, E. H. Hoeme, Angeline Teal, Ella Rodman Church, and Mary S. McCord. More than Two Hundred Short Stories, by favorite writers, Articles on Travel, Out-of-door Sports, In-door Games, and all subjects dear to the hearts of the young, besides hundreds of illustrations by leading artists, all combine to make HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1892 more worthy than ever of the remarkable tribute from the pen of W. E. Gladstone, that "It far surpasses all that the enterprise and skill of our publishers have been able to produce."

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GENERAL NEWS.

A LEGISLATURE STOLEN.

Hill's Tactics In Securing Control of the New York Assembly—Republicans Counted Out.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—If David B. Hill thinks that he can coolly and deliberately steal the legislature of New York and establish it as a machine for registering his will without arousing a storm of indignation on the part of all good citizens he has greatly underestimated the temper of the people. That this is Mr. Hill's purpose and the purpose of his fellow-conspirators there can no longer remain a shadow of doubt. From the closing of the polls on the evening of Nov. 3 they began the development of this revolutionary scheme by claiming a Democratic majority in both branches of the legislature, and they have followed this up with a series of lawless and infamous usurpations, with the purpose of making good the claim he advanced, which would have put to blush the men who were associated in the crimes of the Tweed ring.

Wherever a Republican was elected, either to the Senate or to the Assembly, by a small majority, preparations were begun at once, in the most brazen and barefaced manner, to count them out. In the Duchess district Hill's tool have counted in the Democratic senator by deliberately reversing the result in several election districts. In another district, where the Republican county clerk refused to issue a certificate on fraudulent returns, Hill has brought that officer to Albany to bulldoze him.

In fact, in every district so far known to have elected a Republican by small majorities, the will of the people has been overturned and with the culminating outrage of Duchess county, Hill has apparently gained control of both branches of the legislature, provided the courts do not overrule the work of his followers. The legislature now stands—Assembly, two Democratic; senate tie, if the independent votes with the Republicans. With a Democratic lieutenant-governor having the casting vote, Hill's party appears to have stolen both branches.

LACK OF PATTRIOISM AT ST. JOE.

The Catholic Element Objects to an American Flag Over a School-house.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 28.—Patriotism got a black eye in this city Thursday, and the members of the School board have subjected themselves to public criticism of a rough nature. A few days ago the members of a local lodge of the Patriotic Sons of America decided to present the High school with a handsome silk flag, which was to be hoisted over the building with appropriate ceremonies.

The principal of the High school and two members of the school board had given their consent to the affair, but when it was made public a current of strong opposition was stirred up among the Catholic element with the result that a short time previous to the beginning of the ceremonies the presentation committee was called into the office of the secretary of the board of public schools and quietly informed that it could not take place. The only excuse given was that all the members of the board had not been consulted in the matter. As it is determined that the flag shall float over the school some interesting developments are looked for.

THE TEXAS ALLIANCE REORGANIZED

A New Constitution Adopted by the Anti-Sub-Treasury Men.

CORSICANA, Texas, Nov. 28.—The anti-sub-treasury members of the Farmers' Alliance in convention here have reorganized the order under the original charter. The new constitution provides for prohibiting any man from becoming a member who believes, belongs or aids in any way any secret class organization that hinders the free action of its members or in any way exercises any of the distinctive functions of a political party. The ritual prohibits any man from becoming a member who favors socialism, communism or anarchy.

B. J. Kendrick, of Waco, was elected president; J. S. Gilbert, of Caddo, vice-president; W. G. Cass, of Bonham, secretary and treasurer. The movement, it is claimed, will absorb the sub-treasury organization.

LOTTERY OFFICIALS OUT ON BAIL.

They are to Appear in Dakota for Trial the March Term.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 27.—The directors and officials of the Louisiana Lottery company, arrested Wednesday under indictments from Sioux Falls, S. D., for violation of the anti-lottery mail law, were brought before United States District Judge Billings yesterday. The United States District Attorney argued in favor of committing the prisoners to appear in form the court in Sioux Falls on December 1, but counsel for the defense argued that they could not be carried away from their business to the other end of the country at a moment's notice. After hearing arguments Judge Billings released the prisoners on $1,000 bond each, to appear before the Dakota court at its next term in March.

READY TO PAY THE GAINES HEIRS.

New Orleans Preparing to Settle the Long-Standing Claim.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 27.—Counsel for the Myra Clark Gaines heirs called upon the mayor yesterday to make provision at once for the payment of the judgment in their favor affirmed by the United States supreme court some time ago. Mrs. Gaines, who began the suit half a century ago, claimed $3,000,000 from the city, and secured a judgment, but the Supreme court has reduced the amount, so that with costs and interest it will be only $800,000. The counsel for the heirs wants a special tax levied at once for the payment of this judgment, which will require an increase of the tax rate of nearly 1 per cent. It is probable, however, that the tax will be distributed over several years, so as to be less burdensome.

TO EVICT NORTH DAKOTA FARMERS.

The Great Northern Railroad Serving Notices on Settlers.

GRAND FORKS, S. D., Dec. 1.—The agents of the Great Northern, who are serving notices of eviction on all owners of odd numbered sections within the twenty-mile indemnity land grant limit, have reached here. The notices order farmers to vacate property by December 15. The claims include the richest portion of the Red River Valley lands that have been duly patented by the government. A meeting of the property holders interested will be held here December 12. Attorneys assert that the railway company has no claim to the lands filed upon by settlers prior to 1877.

SUED BY MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

An Action Against the Belford Publishing Company for Damages.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 1.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis has, through her attorney, General Headley, brought suit against the Belford Publishing company, of New York, to recover royalties on the sale of her book, "Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States; a memoir by his wife."

The book was begun by Jefferson Davis and completed by Mrs. Davis after Mr. Davis's death. The Belford company did not live up to their contract with Mrs. Davis, it is alleged, and she sues to recover possession of the publication.

The Boundary All Right.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 1.—(Special.)—Professor T. C. Mendenhall, of the United States Coast and Geodetic survey, and Secretary A. A. Graham, of the Ohio Historical society, who have been investigating the question as to the true location of the boundary line between Ohio and Indiana, yesterday submitted their reports to Attorney General Watson and Governor Campbell. The reports were not made public, but enough was learned to disprove the sensational statement made a few weeks ago that the present line was so far out of the way as to take Fort Wayne and other Indiana cities as far west into the boundaries of Ohio. The reports will show, however, that the line is somewhat crooked, and probably a mile too far east at some points and a similar distance too far west at others.

The Mexican corn crop is a fail ure.

The remains of Governor Hovey, of Indiana, were interred at Mt. Vernon, that state, Thursday. An immense throng was present at the final services.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

ABOUT MR. BLAINE.

The Rumor Revived in Washington That He Will Soon Clearly Define His Political Position.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—(Special.)—The report that Mr. Blaine will shortly define his position as to his presidential candidacy is again current to-day. Parties who claim to speak by authority say he certainly will not be a candidate. If this statement is true, it is not believed any announcement will be made, for it would simply open the way for other candidates to press claims as against Harrison.

It is believed that Mr. Blaine prefers Harrison in case he is not himself a candidate. And if so will delay an open declination until the last moment in order to hold his strength together and throw it to Harrison if he finally decides not to accept the nomination himself.

Mr. Blaine's physicians say that he is now a well man, and that his vigor will rapidly increase.

OVER TWO HUNDRED BOYS

Escape From a Burning Building Clad Only in Their Nightics—Several Other Fires.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Dec. 1.—A large four-story building, known as the children's department of the convent of Our Lady of Mercy, was destroyed by fire this morning. A milkman making his morning rounds at daybreak saw flames pouring out of the east windows of the first story. There were 250 boys asleep in the third and fourth floors. The building is 100 feet long and 50 wide, with an annex. The whole eastern end seemed to the milkman to be a-fire. He alarmed the fourteen sisters who were asleep in the convent, which is a separate building and they hurried to the rescue of the sleeping lads, and in a very few minutes all were out of danger. The larger boys and the sisters carried out the smaller children. Many of them had nothing on but their night shirts, but most of them saved their clothes. Nothing except some benches and a table were saved.

A SUBMARINE BOAT.

Successful Launching at Detroit of a Vessel Capable of Working on the Bottom.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 30.—The submarine boat that has been building at the Detroit Boat works for George C. Barker, of Chicago, for just a year, and of which little has been heard of late, was successfully launched Saturday. The boat has reversible propellors working amidships on each side which, not only propel, but regulate the depth of submersion. These wheels are arranged on shafts that may be turned in any direction. Parallel with the side the boat will go forward. The more acute the angle the deeper the boat will sink in being propelled, and when the screws and shafts are at right angles to the parallel position the forward motion will entirely have been changed into a vertical movement.

The boat is 40 feet long, 9 feet wide, 14 feet deep, elliptical in shape, and drawing eight feet of water, with ten tons of ballast. Of solid oak frames, molded six inches deep and bolted, the skeleton is very strong. The inside is to be thoroughly braced, and the pressure of 85 feet of water can be stood. Steam will be used as the propelling power. The smoke-stack is connected with an outside cast iron conduit provided with a valve controlled from the inside, as is the whole machinery. The blowing engine changes the air in four minutes, through a four inch pipe that may be extended eight feet above the hull, and discharged through the outlet at the other end, but if submersion is desired the outlet is closed, and the air is stored at a pressure of fifteen pounds, being ample to last three men several hours. An observing tower two feet high is located on the top of the boat, and through this ingress and egress are obtained.

FIRED THREE TIMES AT A DIVINE

Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York City, Narrowly Escapes Assasination.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—As Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth avenue Presbyterian church, was passing from the church to the parsonage adjourning, just after the close of the morning service yesterday, a man named John G. Rath, 45 years old, stepped from behind a wagon on the opposite side of the avenue and fired three shots in quick succession at the reverand gentleman as he was about to assend the steps of his residence. The first shot struck the stone stop of the doctor's house, the second perforated one of the glass panels of the front door, and the third flattened itself against the side of the house.

The shooter cooly put the pistol, a five-chambered revolver of the pattern known as "The Young America," in his pocket, while A. E. Dick, a member of Dr. Hall's church, and the sexton jumped upon him until the arrival of an officer. He made no resistance whatever, and was led away to the Forty-first street station house and locked up. Shortly afterward Dr. Hall went to the police station and preferred a complaint against the prisoner. Rath is a heavy, well-built man, with whiskers and moustache, well dressed, and has the appearance of a well-to-do business man. He gave his business as that of a real estate dealer.

Inquiry at the address given by Rath discovered a cheap restaurant and lodging house, located in the tenement house quarters of the city. The landlord said that Rath had occupied a room there for about four months, had been in this county twenty years and had lately been employed in an incubating establishment in Brooklyn. He had noticed certain peculiarities in Rath's conduct which seemed to indicate that he was mentally unbalanced. He often paced his room at night and talked incoherently.

The Supreme Council Condemned.

CORSICANA, Tex., Nov. 27.—The Texas State Alliance, which is in session here, has adopted a resolution for the appointment of 25 delegates to represent Texas at the Memphis, Tenn., convention next month. Letters have been received from Gov. Northen, of Georgia, and other prominent members of the Alliance, endorsing this convention and pledging it their support. Resolutions condemning the action of the supreme council at Indianapolis and proposing to sever all connection with the de facto National Alliance and providing for a separate organization, with entirely new officers, were adopted.

Secretary Foster Will Go South.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—(Special.)—Secretary Foster leaves here as soon as possible for North Carolina, where he will try to shake off his case of grippe, from which he recovers very slowly.

Choctaw National Party.

PARIS, Tex., Nov. 28.—The Choctaw National party held its convention at Antlors and nominated B. B. Jackson, the present National secretary, for governor. The platform deals with matters of purely local interest, except on the question of allotment, which it strenuously opposes.

Parnell's Mother Will Sail Wednesday.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Dec. 1.—John Parnell, a brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, arrived at Old Ironsides from West Point, Ga. He and his mother will sail for Ireland on Wednesday.

Another Change in the Count.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 1.—(Special.)—In Waterford precinct, Unity township, Columbiana county, a mistake of ten votes in the official count was discovered. This makes McKinley's plurality 21,511.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PEKIN IN DANGER.

An Insurrectionary Force is Marching on the Chinese Capital—Excitement Among the Authorities.

PEKIN, Dec. 1.—The government is fully aware of the serious condition which confronts it and every possible step is being taken to break the strength of the rebels before they get within striking distance of the capital. There is much excitement here among all classes, and the authorities believe that if they can inflict a defeat upon the rebel forces, it will have a good effect upon the people of Pekin and vicinity. It is believed that many of the people are secretly in favor of the rebels, but should the imperial forces do battle with the insurgents and defeat them, the malcontents would then side with the government.

No doubt is entertained that the situation is extremely dangerous. Should the rebel forces continue to advance toward the capital in spite of the efforts of the imperial troops to prevent them, it is feared by the foreigners that the whole country will rise and aid the invaders.

The garrison of Shankaikivan has been sent to suppress other insurrectionary bodies which are marching in various directions through the country, evidently with the intention of joining the main body.

The most serious condition of affairs exists at Takon. This is the place where the most brutal outrages were committed upon the Christian priests, nuns and native converts. What action the government will take in this matter it is hard to say; that the authorities are in sympathy with the perpetrators of these most horrible crimes, there is no reason to doubt. The first report from Takon stated that after these fiends had worked their bloody will on all the Christian men, women and children who fell into their hands, they were escorted by the leading Chinese mandarins in the district. It is now said that the local mandarins agreed to allow the rebels free license for the outrage of Christians provided they did not harm the other inhabitants. These terms were accepted by the rebels and they pursued their work without let or hindrance. Three hundred Europeans and native Christians were massacred. It is believed that not a single Christian in the district escaped.

Consternation prevails among the protestant missionaries in the district through which the rebels will pass. The national authorities at Tsunna have declared that they are powerless to protect the missionaries; that if they desired to save their lives they had better seek safety in flight. The missionaries at Tsunna have, therefore, abandoned their stations and sought refuge in safer parts of the country.

CHILI RAMPANT.

A High Official in Valparaiso Says His Government Has No Intention of Knuckling to the United States.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—A special cable from Valparaiso, Chile, reads: The international telegram correspondent has been informed on the authority of an official holding a high place in Santiago, that the Chilean government had no intention whatever of offering an apology or indemnity, such as the American President requested, and had no intention of recalling or modifying the reports given to the American request and that any expectation that President Montt would in this respect modify the policy adopted by the junta is misleading.

The President himself, it is said, was the most earnest advocate in the junta of a defiant retort to the United States, and virtually dictated the answer sent to Minister Egan. Montt has not changed his views since he exchanged the office of chief of the junta for that of President, and Chile is silent now because there is nothing to be said. Meantime, although Montt has recommended a cutting down of the army and navy, no steps have been taken to carry out the recommendation, and even the volunteers sent back to their homes in the country were told to retain their arms.

RUSSIA'S FAMINE.

Fearful Picture of Suffering—No Grain for Fall Sowing—Four Million People on the Verge of Starvation.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 25.—It may be truthfully said that the news which comes from the famine-stricken districts of Russia does not in the least degree take from the horrors of the condition that now confronts thousands upon thousands of the Czar's subjects. What the outcome of the sad state of affairs will be no one can predict, and it will be a bold statistician who attempts to estimate the number of deaths that will result from starvation and cold during the coming winter. The area affected by the famine comprises a section of the empire, equalling in size nearly half the area of the United States, and a very low estimate places the population of this part of the country at four million souls.

The government provided for the distribution of large quantities of seed grain in the distressed provinces, but the distribution of this grain has been greatly delayed through various circumstances, not the least of which is the extreme difficulty of transporting anything, particularly at this season of the year, to some of the more distant provinces.

In many districts no winter sowing whatever has been done and, consequently, the inhabitants have nothing to look forward to, even should they be so fortunate as to manage to sustain life through the winter, the only hope that they will be able to exist through the coming winter, lies in the fact that the government is taking the most energetic measures to help the sufferers, and it is believed that under the direction of the new central famine committee, of which the czarewitch is president, the methods of relief will be more systematic and effectual.

In some provinces the grain given by the government has reached its destination but it has been so long delayed en route that its arrival was too late to benefit many of those for whom it was intended. Enfeebled by their long abstanence from nourishing food, hundreds of people could not stand the cold, which at this season of the year is very intense, and perished miserably.

In the province of Kazan, which lies in the eastern part of European Russia, and where the chief crops are wheat and rye, 12 per cent of the cultivatable area has been left unsown. Similar conditions prevail in Kieff, in Voronezh and in Kherson, all governments which usually produce immense crops of cereals.

The American Theory Ridiculed.

MADRAS, Nov. 20.—The theory that explosions in the air will produce rain is beginning to lose its supporters in this presidency. Several attempts have been made by exploding dynamite and robrite, but only one was successful, and scoffers say it would have rained then anyway.

There is a shortage of 100,000 tons in Germany's pr duction, this year, of beet sugar.

Forty-nine thousand coal miners in France are out on a strike and the mines are at a standstill.

A circular has been issued to the governors of the provinces of the Russian empire, notifying them to forbid Jews to buy corn.

The tribe of Smiluks in Egypt has severely defeated a body of Dervishes near Fashoda. Large reinforcements have been sent to the scene from Omdurman.

Prince Bismarck told a deputation which waited on him recently that he had no ambition to again enter the ministry of the empire. He also will not appear in the Reichstag unless it is imperatively necessary.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

Definite Agreement for an Exclusively Defensive Compact—English Stock Raisers Stirred up by Uncle Jerry Rusk.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The first authentic information, conveying the results of M. De Giers's sojourn in Paris, has reached the foreign office through the British embassy at Berlin. M. De Giers has communicated to Emperor William and Chancellor von Caprivi a clear explanation as to the conference held in Paris, and the character of the Russo-French *entente* therein achieved. Doubtless the czar has instructed his minister to make declarations with a view to having not only the German government but the other interested European governments, learn the nature of the compact between Russia and France.

According to a semi-official statement, based on M. De Giers's declarations to Chancellor von Caprivi—a statement which will probably be published throughout Europe to-morrow—the Russian statesman's recent interview with President Carnot, M. De Freycinet, premier and minister of war, and M. Ribot, minister of foreign affairs, resulted in a definite agreement for an exclusively defensive alliance. The *entente* agreed upon differs on one most essential point from the triple alliance treaty, inasmuch as while that makes the European *status quo* the basis of the maintenance of peace, the Russo-France *entente* aimed at what M. De Giers has called "respect for treaties," meaning, especially, the restoration of

Railroad Disaster In Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 27.—Detailed accounts of last Tuesday's accident on the Orel-Graise line, by which over 26 persons lost their lives, are now being received here. As already reported, a bridge was the scene of the disaster. By the breaking of a tire, one of the carriages was thrown from the rails with such force, as to be hurled bodily over the parapet of the bridge into the river below. The first carriage, in its fall, dragged four others after it, and all five of them broke through the ice and disappeared. Another carriage, falling on top of those which preceded it, was overturned, but remained only partly submerged, being supported by the wreckage beneath it. Only the passengers in this carriage were got out at once. The disaster occurred in a desolate, thinly populated region. Only a few railway officials were at hand, and but scant assistance could be given to the injured immediately. Fifteen persons of those on the train were badly injured and have been sent to the hospital. The work of extricating the bodies from the mass of wreckage in the river is proceeding and at last accounts 26 had been recovered.

Russia's Grip on Bulgaria

and the British nation of Egypt. The differences on these features of this situation are not meantime to be regarded as constituting danger of war, as both the Russian and French governments desire to assure a strict application of the existing treaties by pacific means. M. De Giers has further communicated the fact that no treaty has as yet been signed, and has intimated that the French ministers desire the conclusion of a formal contract, as alone defining future responsibilities and rendering it possible to pursue a distinct policy from Europe, while at the same time avoiding the reproach of cherishing warlike designs.

The sum of these official assurances from the Berlin embassy is that the Paris conferences of M. De Giers, instead of having an empty character, as was generally reported, have resulted in a scheme to maintain diplomatic warfare against the dreibund and England, awaiting a more propitious period for engaging in actual war. M. De Giers's communications assume the first importance, not for what they disclose so much as because they constitute the first official admission of the Russian government that the powers that a Russo-French alliance had really been arranged.

Lord Salisbury went to Windsor Castle last night to place before the queen certain dispatches, and it is surmised they are those which refer to the Russo-French *entente*.

Stirred Up by Uncle Jerry.

Since Secretary Rusk reported in favor of declaring that English live stock be excluded from the United States unless the restrictions on the landing of American cattle at British ports be removed, British farming societies have actively discussed the subject. It is contended that if Secretary Rusk's intended prohibition is effected no country will suffer so much from the absence of pure-bred British live stock as the United States.

HOSTILE TARIFFS

Are Depressing the Great English Industries and Putting a Damper on Their Further Development.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Staple industries of this country are suffering and hundreds of enterprises seem to be practically dead. Business throughout England is in a deplorable state, and there is no prospect, either remote or immediate, of any material amelioration, as both exports and imports are falling off at a rapid and alarming rate. The great summer army of American tourists have returned to the states, and no one has any money to spend.

Mr. Goschen has exhausted every known device to push consuls higher, but they refuse to inflate, and stubbornly remain at a point a trifle higher than 95. The nation has been worried by the president of the board of Trade and Lord Salisbury that the commercial future of the country has been jeopardized, and should be regarded with much concern. This condition of affairs is attributable to unfavorable and hostile tariffs, which seem to have environed all British industries with bond that cannot be thrown off.

NO HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Balfour Says the Long-looked for Boon Will Never Materialize.

GLASGOW, Nov. 30.—In a speech in this city, Saturday, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury, declared very positively that Ireland would never attain her desire to have a parliament set in Dublin, and that no matter what the future might bring forth, it would not bring home rule for Ireland.

Mr. Balfour further said he believed Great Britain would see a gigantic agrarian conspiracy, led by American funds, raise its head in Ireland. He did not believe that again would be seen anything like the obstruction and defiance formerly thrown into the teeth of the British Parliament by a few Irish representatives. Mr. Balfour added that he hoped the country had finally successfully emerged from its greatest difficulties. All that Ireland now wanted, he declared, was a firm, liberal and kindly government. If only Mr. Gladstone abstained from advocating impossible legislative remedies, Mr. Balfour was confident that a permanent cure of the Irish troubles was effected.

The brig Tahiti, with nearly 300 souls on board, has been found at sea bottom up, and all on board are supposed to have perished. Most of the victims were Gilbert Islanders, under contract to work in Mexico at starvation wages.

BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads and most complexional disfigurement, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sales greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

The Real Trouble in China.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The *Times* publishes a dispatch from its correspondent at Shanghai, which confirms the reports that the troubles in China are not alone based on the anti-foreign feeling entertained by some of the natives. This is but one phase of the situation. The underlying reason for the discontent which pervades many districts of China is the fact that the natives of the country believe the time is ripe to overthrow the Mantchu dynasty and establish again the native dynasty, which was overthrown in 1645.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—About a million dollars in gold came from Europe last week. This was supplemented by an increase in the reserves held by the New York banks, and a considerable inflow of money from the interior of the country. This has made the money market easier, and the offerings of time money were consequently more abundant. Call loans ranged during the week at between 4½ and 2½ per cent, averaging 3½, and renewals were made at 3½ to 4, the banks and trust companies maintaining 4 per cent as the minimum. The demand for time loans was lively, with plenty offering on first-class collateral; but there was a reluctance to loan on ordinary mixed security, and the rates on them were ½ of 1 per cent higher. Rates on loans secured by gilt-edged collateral were 4 per cent for 30 or 40 days, 4½ for 90 days to four months, and 5 per cent for five to six months. There was but little change in the central tone of the foreign money markets, the rate of discount for 60 to 90 day bills in London being 3¾ per cent, and the open market rate in Paris 2½ per cent, at Berlin 3, and at Frankfort 3¼. The only effect of the overthrow of Dictator FONSECA in Brazil was an advance in the price of Brazilian securities in London.

STOCKS.—Affairs are in a very conservative way in Wall street. There is no depressing tendency of prices; that is upward, and must continue so to be. The general business of the country has not developed this fall so rapidly as was expected; the very low prices of cotton is a drawback all over the states which an are devoted to that staple. The prices on the stock exchange for sound, dividend-earning stocks are not low; they did not come up with a rush, but climbed slowly and laboriously, by fractional steps, ever since last spring. Consequently they present no such a margin for a rise as they did during the summer, and there is therefore no activity in them. As for the poorer class, commonly termed "speculative stocks," whose value is really a matter that can only be decided in the future, when the properties they represent have developed with the growth and development of the country, they afford little or no hope of present improvement, and most of them are actually depressing influences, as some of their securities, widely distributed, have declined greatly.

Hence the dullness in Wall street transactions is not due to any underlying weakness of good stocks, nor to any factor of decline, for none is present; but to the absence of speculation. Gilt edged stocks are too high in price to get up a speculative boom, for everybody knows they can not be forced higher any faster than their dividend-earning will justify; and "bear" raids upon them will fail, because their soundness is too well known to make them successful. The general public will not touch the poorer stocks, hence there can be no speculation in them. From these things follow the narrowness of the market.

SILVER.—The decided drop in the price of silver bullion immediately after the November elections seems to have eliminated from the silver situation the last political factor to hold up the price, and thus afford any basis for speculation in the metal. Prices now are governed entirely by commercial considerations, as they should be. There is a considerable demand in the East—that is, in India—for bullion. The London market is kept well supplied from both this country and Mexico, the latter now sending over a remarkably large quantity of the white metal, both in bars and in Mexican dollars. The closing price in New York on Saturday was 94¾ cents per ounce, at which rate the amount of pure silver in the standard dollar is worth 73¼ cents.

THE WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

Active Retail Business and Moderate Trade at Wholesale.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: A week broken by a holiday has shown the usual characteristics—weak speculation, active retail trade and moderate wholesale business. But the great factors which go to make national prosperity are unaltered.

Speculation during the past week has not been active here, but a corner at Chicago has put up corn for immediate delivery 6 cents, and pork is 75c higher, oats 1½ and wheat ⅝ per bushel higher, while cotton and sugar are heavy. The receipts of cotton exceed those of the same week last year by 60,000 bales, and the exports by 92,000 bales, but the stocks in this country are 521,000 bales larger. Wheat receipts at the West continue at the rate more than 8,000,000 bushels for the full week, and exports have been 1,800,000 bushels of wheat alone from Atlantic ports for three days of the present week. Corn is coming forward fairly, and after November a sharp decline in price is expected.

In the great industries the outlook is improved. There is a better demand for iron. On the whole there are evidences of enormous consumption already, nearly equal to the production, with prospects of an increase next year.

Money is comparatively easy and collections generally fair. The exports of products in four weeks at New York have exceeded last year's by $7,461,482 in value, indicating an aggregate for the month probably exceeding $10,000,000, and at the same time there is a decrease of 10 per cent in value of imports. There is certain to be a very large balance payable on merchandise accounts by Europe, and much anxiety appears in some quarters as to how the strain should be met, but thus far there are no signs of real trouble except in speculative quarters. It is to be remembered, also, that this country is at present unusually independent of foreign disasters or disturbances.

The business failures occuring throughout the country during the past seven days number 207, as compared with 223 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 249.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec 1.	Nov. 24.
U. S. 4's registered	117¼	117¼
U. S. 4's, coupons	116¾	117¼
U. S. 2's	100½	100
Pac. 6's of '95	108	111

The New York, Nov. 28.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$1,320,600
Loans, increase	3,848,400
Specie, increase	610,100
Legal tenders, increase	2,188,300
Deposits, increase	4,991,200
Circulation, increase	30,200

The banks now hold $14,882,350 in excess of the 25 per cent rule.

Trade.

The general trade of the country during the past week was fair for the season. In hides trade is very dull.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 2@3 per cent. Bar silver, 94¼. Missouri Pacific, Northern Pacific pfd and Reading were the features of the afternoon's trading, and under a raid declined from 1 to ⅞ per cent. The rest of the list suffered only slightly, and the close was dull but steady, at about opening figures for the general list.

	Opens.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atch.	43⅛	43⅝	42¾	43¼
A. C. O.	29¼	28¾	28½	28⅝
A. S. R.	87¾	88¼	87¾	87¾
C. S.	61¼	61¾	60¾	60¾
C. C.	71¾	71¾	70¾	70¾
C. B. Q.	101⅜	102⅛	101⅜	101⅜
C. Gas.	60¾	61⅝	60¾	61
Cordage	12⅞	13¾	12⅞	13⅛
D. H.	121	126	121¾	122
D. & L.	137⅞	138	137½	137¾
Erie	20¼	20¼	20¾	20¾
H. V.	27½	27½	27	27
J. C.	113½	113½	113½	113½
Lead.	103	105¾	103	103¾
L. S.	125¾	125¾	124¾	125
L. & N.	78¼	79⅜	78	74
M. P.	60⅜	60⅝	58⅞	58⅝
N. E.	28½	28	28	28
N. P.	26	26	25¾	25¾
N. P. Pfd	70¾	70⅞	69¾	69⅞
N. W.	117⅜	117⅜	117⅜	117⅜
N. Y. C.	115¼	115⅝	114⅝	114⅝
N. A.	17⅜	17⅜	17	17
O. M.	38	37⅞	37⅛	37⅜
R. T.	11	11	9½	9½
R. I.	84½	84½	83⅞	83⅞
Read.	88⅞	88⅝	87⅝	88
Silver.	94½	94½	94½	94½
St. Paul.	70⅛	70⅛	70	70
T. C. I.	30	30	30	30
T. Pac.	12	12⅛	11¾	11¾
U. Pac.	41¾	41¾	40⅝	40⅝
Wabash				24½
Wa. Pfd.	58	58	57½	57½
W. U.	83¾	83¾	82¾	82¾

The Grain Market at Primary Points To-day.

This forenoon trade in wheat was only fair at leading points. Wheat on passage decreased 80,000, and corn 208,000 bushels during the past week. Liverpool wheat and corn are slow, ½@1d lower for wheat and ½d lower for corn. London cargoes off coast, quiet. California wheat, 6d lower. French country market weak. Prices of wheat in American markets firmed up a little soon after the opening, but afterward eased off a little.

Corn took about the same course as wheat. December opened at 46⅞c, at Chicago, advanced to 47⅜c and then eased to 47¼@47⅜c also yesterday.

At Chicago December wheat opened at 91⅜c, rose to 92c, and eased to 91¾c, ½c higher; at Toledo it started at 95½c, and rose to 96¼c, ½c up; at New York it opened at 99¾@99⅞c, rose to 100⅝c, and dropped to 100@100⅛c up.

The weekly report of the Minneapolis *Northwestern Miller* shows the stock of wheat in private elevators of Minneapolis to be 1,440,000 bushels, a decrease since last Monday of 44,000. The total stock of wheat at Minneapolis and Duluth is 10,383,118 bushels, or 512,000 bushels less than a week ago. Duluth decreased 1,280,000 bushels, and Minneapolis increased 816,000. The *Market Record* computes there is now in country elevators and the two Dakotas at 9,444,000 bushels, a gain for the week of 1,487,100 bushels. The Northwestern stock is thus made 19,777,705 bushels, an increase of 1,800,000 bushels. A year ago the stock was 10,201,500 bushels.

This afternoon the markets for wheat showed considerable animation. Prices closed lower at all points. There were no sustaining influences in any direction. Corn also closed lower.

At Toledo December wheat closed 1¾c off from the best figures, at 94½c; at Chicago it was 1¾c below highest figures, December at 89¾c; at New York it was 1¼c off, at 104⅝c, and at St. Louis it was 1¾c down, at 93¾c.

Corn, year, closed 1¼c off from the highest point, at 46¾c.

Car lots at Chicago: Wheat, 373; contract, 119; corn, 631; contract, 128; oats, 270; contract, 85; rye, 59; contract, 40. Estimates at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, 315; corn, 483; oats, 200.

Petitions are being circulated and signed on all the grain markets of France to have an additional duty placed upon foreign flour, nearly all of which is American. The *Northwestern Miller* says that he may be taken for granted that some notice will be taken of it and that "the best plan for American millers to adopt is to immediately consign as much flour as they can with the least possible delay, if they want to open up a trade for American flour on its merits. There is, in any case, very little doubt that the price will improve, whatever may be the action of the French government."

There was sold at Chicago today for December, 97c bid; calls, 93¼@96 Corn—Year, puts, 45¾c; calls, 46¾c.

Chicago Tips.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—(Special from Wright & Haughey):—It is a case of increasing fullness in wheat, daily receipts not only giving us no support, but hold out no early promise. They became greedy over the Russian chase, absorbing large supplies, and held over our stocks increasing by millions. Berlin tumbled 5¾ marks, this, too, in a famine-stricken community. We cannot continue piling up our stocks without forcing lower values. Our last week's shipments of 3,000,000 bushels with No. 2, 93c. This is not healthy. The present decline will probably increase our receipts, and values will work to an exporting basis. Corn has had a relapse. Early the part of a bear raider started some covering of year corn by shorts, and the price advanced to 47¾c, but closed weak at 46¾c, with cash No. 2 sellings from 47½ to 46¾, against 79 yesterday. Oats is now sold 42 in store. Our stock contract here is 500,000 bushels, and shippers will not be inclined to but it at a premium at 4 cents over now No. 2 or No. 3. Provisions have had a large increase in receipts of 9,000, with corn so mindingly heavy receipts West, estimated at 55,000.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

This afternoon trade in wheat was active, but prices closed lower. In corn there was little doing. Clover seed sold to a fair limit, closing steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 95½c, 96c, then 95c, 1c under yesterday's close; No. 3 soft red, 93c.

December wheat, 96¼c, rose to 96¾c, and closed at 94⅝c, 75c decline on yesterday's price. January, 95½c; May, 103c, 103¼c, and to close, 102¾c, ⅜c down.

Prices of December and May wheat, to-day:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
December:				
Toledo	95¾	96¾	94⅝	94⅝
Chicago	91¾	92	90¾	90¾
New York	100⅝	103⅝	104⅝	104⅝
St. Louis	94¾	94¾	93¾	93¾
May.				
Toledo	103	103¾	102¾	103⅜
Chicago				
New York	103½	104¾	103½	103½
St. Louis	99	99⅜